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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

THE EDINBURGH CASTLE, WHERE MR. CHAMBERLAIN SPEAKS TO-NIGHT.

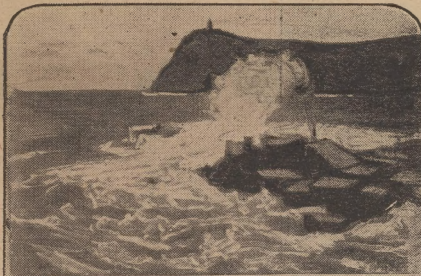


Mr. Chamberlain explains his tariff policy to-night to a mass meeting of East End supporters at the famous Edinburgh Castle, once a public-house, now a mission church, in Limehouse. Forty thousand people applied for tickets, and every seat has been allotted.



Green and gold badge of the East London Tariff Reform League, which will be worn by the stewards at the Chamberlain meeting to-night.

STORM AND WRECK.



Evidences of the gales which have swept the shores of Great Britain. Above is shown the sea foaming over the ruined breakwater at Port Erin, Isle of Man. Below is seen the wreck of the Marie, of Nantes, now lying on the foreshore at Newhaven.

WELSH REVIVALISTS.



Dan Roberts. He has not the picturesque personality of his more famous brother, Evan Roberts, but his fervour has converted many.



Miss S. A. Jones, on the left, and Miss Maggie Davies, on the right, are two of Evan Roberts's assistants in the great revival. They are sweet singers and earnest workers.

GIPSIES' ONLY STEED.



This sandy little nag is the only horse left to the Macedonian gipsies. Harried from county to county, these undesirable aliens were last heard of moving through South London towards the coast.

FOR FURTHER DESCRIPTIONS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 3.

PORT ARTHUR.

Bestegers Sink Three Ships and Set Torpedo Depot Afire.

TOGO'S MEN BUSY.

Five Night Attacks by Japanese Torpedo-boats.

The Japanese Legation last night issued the following telegram, dated Tokio, Wednesday:—

The Commander of the Naval Artillery reports as follows: The bombardment on the 13th inst. was principally aimed at the arsenal torpedo depot at Tiger Tail and ships and boats in vicinity.

The torpedo-depot was ablaze for one hour. Three ships were destroyed and one sank. Buildings were greatly damaged.

Indirect bombardment on the Sevastopol, staying outside the harbour, was suspended owing to bad weather, which prevented observation.

Admiral Togo reports as follows: Torpedo-boat flotillas attacked the Sevastopol twice in the night of the 12th and thrice in the night of the 13th, the result being uncertain. Each time they met with enemy's fierce fire.

One torpedo-boat was disabled but towed back, while three received one shot each. Our total casualties were only three men wounded.

DYNAMITE IN WAR.

Terrible Effects of Grenades at 203 Metre Hill.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD JAPANESE ARMY, Monday (via Fusan, Wednesday).—The work of removing the dead from the slopes and crests of 203 Metre Hill has been completed on the north side. The south slopes are still covered with bodies buried under the debris of the trenches and bomb-proofs.

The long lines of Japanese dead laid out on the hill-side, previous to interment, present an awful appearance.

Most of the bodies, which are partially naked, are horribly torn with dynamite bombs. The effect of dynamite used as an offensive weapon in the form of a grenade is appalling.

The dead bodies are so torn as to be unrecognisable. A mass of flesh and bones, the fragments of the hundreds killed, has been unearthed from the filled-in Russian trenches; it presented a scene of awful horror lying among the heavy timbers and steel plates of the bombproofs torn into splinters with dynamite shells.—Reuter's Special Service.

HUNGRY RUSSIAN ARMY.

Cannot Be Revictualled by the Present Train Service.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Temps" states that General Kuropatkin has telegraphed that unless the number of trains on the Trans-Siberian Railway is considerably increased it will be impossible for him to revictual the army. In that case he declines to answer for what may occur.

As it is impossible to run more trains until the double line is built the enemies of Kuropatkin are attacking him, and declaring that he wishes to shirk responsibility in the case of failure.

In the meantime it is stated that Admiral Alexieff has been selected for the important task of reforming the Russian Navy. Immediate and sweeping changes in this department are promised, and Alexieff has been singled out as possessing the requisite initiative and courage.

A Chifu telegram published in Rome states that Marshal Oyama has formally annexed Southern Manchuria to Japan.

The customary inactivity prevails along the Shaho, but the Japanese Army before Port Arthur has received reinforcements of 8,000 men and a large number of quick-firing guns.

COUNT TOLSTOY'S SON DECORATED.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.—The Mukden correspondent of the "Rus" telegraphs that Count Andrei Tolstoy, a staff officer, a son of Count Leo Tolstoy, the eminent writer, has been decorated with the Cross of St. George for bravery.—Reuter.

MANCHURIAN ARMY WELL EQUIPPED.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.—The Mukden correspondent of the "Rus" telegraphs that the alarming rumours which have been circulated regarding the equipment of soldiers in the Manchurian army are untrue. Almost all of them have show fur-lined coats and boots.—Reuter.

The British Mission to the Ameer of Afghanistan arrived at Kabul on December 12, all well.

Fresh western winds; changeable, occasionally rainstorms, fair intervals. To-Day's Weather (lighting time, 4.49 p.m. Sea pas sages rough to moderate generally.)

POISON DRAMA.

Opening of a Trial That Recalls the Maybrick Case.

YOUNG WIFE AND LOVER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—All France is following with deep interest a sensational trial at Bouches du Rhone, which in many respects resembles the Maybrick case.

Briefly, the case is this: Mlle. Alice Marcorell, now Mme. Massot, was married to a sea captain of Marseilles named Georges Massot.

During the frequent absence of her husband, Mme. Massot, it is alleged, carried on an intrigue with the son of a local judge, named Edouard Hubac, and her behaviour made her name a by-word among her neighbours.

Her passion for Hubac finally became so overpowering that, according to the indictment, the guilty couple resolved to get rid of the sea-captain.

On October 6, 1903, Captain Massot came home, and, although a strong, robust man, he immediately began to show symptoms of illness, and on the 23rd of the same month he expired after terrible suffering.

The alleged crime of Mme. Massot and her lover might never have been discovered but for the information given to the police by Lucie Clap, a domestic servant, who collected the fragments of some letters which she found in a field, and which, when pieced together, formed a damning proof that the two lovers had conspired Massot's death.

Mme. Massot's calmness after her husband's death also aroused the girl's suspicions.

"I HAVE NO POISON."

In one of the letters Hubac wrote:—"Everything is progressing as we wish. A little bother still and then we can contemplate the future with composure. After a brief widowhood you shall be mine."

The two lovers were arrested, and a post-mortem examination of the remains of the Captain showed that he had died from corrosive sublimate poisoning.

"All I can say," said Mme. Massot to the judge to-day, "is, it was not I who poisoned my husband."

She also denied having discussed with her lover how poison could be administered to the captain.

All she desired, she said, was to render her husband's life intolerable, and to compel him to seek a divorce.

She had corrosive sublimate in the house for toilet purposes.

Charged with having written in a letter: "My husband is still alive, and I have no more poison," the prisoner replied that she wrote: "I have no poison."

She admitted that her lover brought her a white powder to give to her husband, but when she returned home with it her husband was dying.

She declared that while her husband was groaning in his deathbed, keeping everybody in the house awake, she heard nothing.

As to her past, Mme. Massot denied having had many lovers before her marriage.

The trial will probably last for some days.

FINANCIERS QUARREL.

Cowboy Millionaire Expected to Fight a Duel.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, Wednesday.—An expected duel between Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, the noted Boston financier, and Colonel William C. Greene, president of the Greene Consolidated Copper Company, is exciting great interest here.

The Colonel, a former cowboy nicknamed "Broncho Bill," is a remarkable character. He is worth about three million pounds, amassed by acquiring copper and gold-mining claims in Mexico and Arizona. He was forced to fight to keep his claims, and killed four desperadoes.

The trouble is due to a loss of £300,000 during the slump of the last three days in the Greene Company's stock, which the Colonel attributed to Mr. Lawson's series of articles entitled, "Frenzied Finance."

Mr. Lawson contended that the public had been robbed of countless millions of dollars by the Standard Oil coterie creating fictitious prices.

Colonel Greene denounced Mr. Lawson as a liar and charlatan, saying that he would go to his office in Boston for a settlement of his grievance.

Colonel Greene did not go to Boston, explaining that the financial situation required his presence in New York, but says he will attend to Mr. Lawson ultimately.

\$600,000 FIRE.

MINNEAPOLIS, Wednesday.—A fire broke out last night before midnight at the photographic supply house of Messrs. O. H. Peck and Company, and spread to the adjoining furniture house of Messrs. Boutwell Brothers.

A high wind carried the conflagration through a closely-built retail district, causing losses estimated at \$600,000.

HERO'S LONG SWIM.

Two Miles Through Heavy Seas, and Returns To Save Comrades.

THREE LIVES LOST.

From Skibbereen, Co. Cork, a thrilling account of a terrible boating disaster and a heroic rescue was received last night.

Three fishermen, named Nield, Driscoll, and Harte, accompanied by a man named Cahalane and a brother of Harte's, left Ballydub Bay on Tuesday night in an open sailing yawl for their home at Harte Island.

In a strong gale which sprang up suddenly the boat was capsized, and all the five men were thrown into the sea.

The waves were high and most of the men had a desperate struggle to keep afloat, but Cahalane, who is well known locally for his swimming powers, performed a remarkable feat.

He took off his heavy sea-boots and swam to Whitehall Castle, a distance of two miles, where he procured a boat.

Returning to the scene of the accident he succeeded in rescuing one of the brothers Harte, who was clinging to the rigging of the boat, but nothing could be seen of the other three men.

ASSERTIVE BOY KING.

Spanish Cabinet Resigns as Protest Against a Royal Decision.

The youthful King of Spain has shown sufficient strength of will against that of his Cabinet to cause the Ministers to resign in a body.

Reuter's Madrid correspondent says:—The Ministerial crisis which led to this action of the Cabinet arose on the question of military reform.

The King refused to sanction the appointment of General Lono as chief of the General Staff, which had been submitted to him by the Minister for War, and the latter thereupon laid the circumstances before the Cabinet.

After consultation with his colleagues Senor Maura went to the Palace yesterday to tender the resignation of the Ministry as a whole.

It is expected that Senor Maura and the Minister of Finance will be members of the new Cabinet. It was also expected that Senor Romero Robledo would go to the Palace last evening in obedience to a summons from the King.

MILLIONS MYSTERY.

Warrant for the Arrest and Extradition of Dr. Chadwick.

The "Petit Bleu," according to a Reuter message from Brussels, states that a warrant has been issued for the arrest and extradition of Dr. Leroy Chadwick.

Dr. Chadwick is stated to be in Paris, and the New York police refuse to believe that he could have been a stranger to the financial operations of his wife.

Mr. Carnegie has notified to the district attorney at Cleveland (Ohio) that he will be unable to attend the grand jury for the investigation of the Chadwick case as he is suffering from lumbago, but that he would be willing to attend the trial when it begins.

The United States Marshal threatens to break down the doors of Mrs. Chadwick's residence and take forcible possession if the custodian representing the Elyria Bank, one of the creditors, refuses to surrender the disputed property.

RIVAL KIRKS.

Eleven Highland Churches Forcibly Seized by the "Wee" Party.

Sir John Cheyne, the Commissioner appointed by the Government to arrange a temporary settlement in the Scottish Church dispute, finds himself faced with issues which demand immediate action.

During the past fortnight the Free Church authorities have taken forcible possession of eleven United Free churches in the Highlands. Two are in Uist, four in Lewis, three in Skye, and one in Dornoch presbytery. It is hoped that the Commissioner will arrange for joint occupancy in these cases.

While the United Free Church authorities have expressed their consent that the Royal Commission, appointed to effect a permanent settlement shall take into consideration everything affected by the House of Lords' judgment, the Free Church decline to state their decision.

MAGNIFICENT CHRISTMAS BOX.

CHICAGO, Wednesday.—Mr. J. D. Rockefeller's Christmas gift to the University of Chicago consists of a sum of 2,500,000 dollars, wherewith to found a School of Engineering. Mr. Rockefeller will also provide the building.—Laffan.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's "Daily Mirror."

To-day our readers will find in this column notes on the photographs appearing on the first and two centre pages of the *Daily Mirror*.

TO-DAY'S QUICK NEWS PHOTOGRAPH.

Southampton-row, the busy thoroughfare leading north from Holborn, was the scene of an extraordinary gas explosion yesterday afternoon, full details of which will be found on page 5. Before the firemen had ceased their work a photograph was taken and forwarded to the *Daily Mirror*. The result of this enterprise is seen in a realistic picture on our centre pages this morning.

Rapidly taken and reproduced to-day in the *Daily Mirror*, this photograph of a disastrous explosion testifies to the great advance made in the pictorial representation of news. Before the advent of the *Daily Mirror* no newspaper reader could hope to see in his morning paper a photograph of an event occurring on the previous afternoon—a photograph taken, moreover, in the gloom of a wet London street.

WHERE MR. CHAMBERLAIN SPEAKS.

Among the public-house signs of London there is none more interesting than that of the Edinburgh Castle, Limehouse, where Mr. Chamberlain addresses a great tariff reform meeting to-night. The sign reads: "No Drunkard shall Inherit the Kingdom of Heaven," and is a perpetual reminder to the passer-by of the fact that the Edinburgh Castle is now a centre of religious enterprise.

THE KAISER'S COMPOSER.

Signor Leoncavallo, commissioned by the Kaiser to write an opera ten years ago on the subject of "Roland of Berlin," has produced his work amid the plaudits of a fashionable audience at the Berlin Opera House. As he was called before the curtain a score of times, and received at the hands of the Kaiser the Order of the Prussian Crown, the composer, whose photograph in the green-room of the Opera House appears on our centre pages, may consider his opera a success, but the critics have not crowned the work with laurels.

BIRMINGHAM'S FIRST BISOP.

Bishop Gore, now of Birmingham, is the "Man of the Moment" on page 7 of to-day's paper. His photograph, on page 8, may be studied in connection with this important death. It is evidently the portrait of a man endowed with spiritual and intellectual force.

MACEDONIAN WANDERERS.

Most people will be content to see the Macedonian gipsies through the medium of the photograph on page 1, without desiring their closer acquaintance. They have been received with terror in the country and with brickbats in Barkingside. Where the crazy caravan and the rough-coated horse, photographed for the *Daily Mirror*, are now even the police cannot tell.

FRIEND OF THE CRIPPLES.

Sir William Treloar, most robust and genial of City Aldermen, makes his appearance, on page 8 of to-day's paper, as the friend of crippled children. When the knight of Ludgate-hill steps next year into the City's gilded coach he will start a fund for the establishment of a home for crippled children. It will be a worthy monument of the morality of our age, which has always evinced a most tender regard for the little wrecks of humanity, to some of whom, on Lord Mayor's Day, the windows of "Treloar's" on Ludgate-hill are always given up. Just now Sir William is busy with his Christmas hampers for the cripples, a charity which grows exceedingly every year.

HERO OF THE SEA.

Whitby will be accused of forgetting her heroes if she does not straightway erect some permanent memorial of the late Henry Freeman, the aged lifeboat hero, whose photograph appears on page 8. In youth a fisherman, Freeman soon became a fisherman and "a fisher of men." Six times on February 9, 1861, did Freeman and twelve other gallant fellows go to the rescue of distressed seamen outside Whitby harbour, but the seventh time, out of those splendid thirteen, only Freeman came to shore alive. Twenty years later, with his crew and hundreds of helpers, this magnificent man cut a way through six miles of snowdrifts to Robin Hood's Bay, and rescued a crew which had been at the mercy of the sea for hours.

24 A WEEK FOR CATS.

Cats! Who is not interested in them in this cat-loving, cat-dictated country of England? The luckiest cats in the world are illustrated on page 8. When Mr. Haigh, of Bath, died the other day he left his housekeeper an annuity of £200, to be paid as long as a single cat remained alive, and £100 to set up a home for them. Both home and annuity pass on to another servant in the event of Mrs. Haigh "pre-deceasing" the cats. Beautiful as the two snow-white cats and two tortoiseshell cats seen in the photograph are, there are people who will still be inclined to ask whether they are worth £24 a week to the world.

JUDGE IN TEARS.

Sir William Grantham Breaks Down in Court.

PAINFUL SCENE.

At a point in the second day's hearing at Lewes of the case brought against him by the Chailey District Council, Sir William Grantham, Judge of His Majesty's High Court, wept.

Mr. Gill, K.C., was cross-examining a Chailey District Council witness, an architect, named Scarlett, who had much to say about the reasons why the plans of Sir William's cottages were not acceptable to the council.

This gentleman said that he had heard someone remark that Sir William's plans might have been drawn by a boy of ten years old. The case against Sir William, it should be explained, is that he did not present proper plans.

Mr. Gill: Was it right to drag your neighbours into a police court?

Mr. Scarlett: Yes.
Mr. Gill (pathetically): Leave out of the question that he is a Judge. Is it right to treat anyone like that? In common fairness, are you not ashamed to have done this?

Mr. Scarlett: No.
Sir William's Emotion.

At this point Sir William's eyes grew dim with tears. With great dignity, to hide his feelings from the public gaze, he placed his hands over his face, and wept silently.

His tears only lasted a short while. He wiped them away with his handkerchief, but looked very sad for some time afterwards in spite of the jokes that Mr. Gill was making.

The latter was very curious to know what part in the prosecution was borne by a Mr. Schler, a clerical neighbour of the Judge's. "Did not a message of peace and good will to all men come even from the clergyman?" asked Mr. Gill.

The chairman at this point remarked that too much mention was being made of Mr. Schler's clerical position. "He is one of our largest landed proprietors," the chairman added.

In re-examination Mr. Scarlett said that the plans were "like a Chinese puzzle."

Another witness said that when he remarked that he could not understand the plans, Sir William Grantham said "Just so." (Loud laughter.)

This witness admitted that the Judge was not a "happy-go-lucky."

The case was again adjourned.

ROYAL CURE FOR LOVE.

Travel Recommended to Two Princes Who Wish To Marry.

Travel as a cure for love has been recommended to two royal princes, who are wandering about Europe at present.

Their parents and guardians hope that absence may make their hearts grow colder towards the ladies with whom they wish to contract marriages. The Archduke Ferdinand Carl of Austria, says "Vanity Fair," desires to organically marry a very pretty young girl of burgher birth. The Emperor Francis Joseph has not entirely refused his consent, but he has given him six months' leave to travel.

Should the prince remain true to the lady, he will be allowed to marry her.

The other prince is the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia, who hopes to be able to marry his cousin, the Grand Duchess of Hesse, as soon as peace is concluded between Russia and Japan.

His Imperial Highness is at present at Florence, but he intends to visit the French Riviera later, when the Duchess Marie of Coburg goes to Nice with her daughters.

EX-MINISTER'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P., who is touring the Sleaford Division, has had a narrow escape from serious injury.

At Ancaster his horses bolted. As soon as they had been pulled up Mr. Chaplin decided to sit on the box and drive, but somehow or other the ex-Cabinet Minister managed to get into a deep gutter, wrenching off two of the wheels, and throwing Mr. Barrell, his agent, out of the car.

The carriage was overturned, but Mr. Chaplin and the coachman escaped serious injury.

DATE OF CROWN PRINCE'S MARRIAGE.

It is now all but settled that the marriage of the Crown Prince of Germany will take place on his birthday, May 6.

Possibly the bridegroom-elect will spend a few weeks at Cannes in January with the Duchess Cecile of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and her mother.

BRIDEGROOM FOUND DROWNED.

The Llandilo police have discovered the body of a member of the Royal Engineers, named George Carroll, in the river Towy. He was a native of Shrewsbury, and was to have been married next week. He has been missing a week.

HONEYMOON IN HOSPITAL

Lord and Lady Dalrymple Both Stricken with Fever in Venice.

Singularly sad has been the honeymoon of Lord and Lady Dalrymple, who were married under the happiest auspices a few weeks ago.

Little could the wedding guests who sped the couple on their Continental trip have imagined what trials were in store for them; that, indeed, the greater part of their honeymoon should be spent in sick-rooms.

Lord Dalrymple contracted scarlet fever while he and his bride were in Venice, and had to be taken to the hospital.

With devoted fortitude his charming young wife laid aside her dainty tulle frocks and donned an apron to nurse him, and in due time the good news came that his lordship was well again.

Now, unfortunately, Lady Dalrymple herself is laid up with the disease, which she doubtless contracted while nursing her husband.

Mrs. Harford has gone out to Italy to nurse her sick daughter, on whose account much anxiety is felt.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SPEECH.

Workless of East London Want to Hear Him on the Alien Question.

East London is eagerly awaiting Mr. Chamberlain's great speech at Limehouse to-night.

The immense flood of alien immigrants during the past few days has considerably aggravated the position of the unemployed, and the *Daily Mirror* was yesterday informed that 400 out-of-works are anxious to elicit the right hon. gentleman's opinions on the situation.

A large number of men engaged in the cabinet-making and boot and shoe industries, which have been seriously crippled by the dumping of foreign-made goods, have already secured tickets of admission.

Up to a late hour last evening a staff of workmen were busily engaged in putting the finishing touches to the building in which the right hon. gentleman is announced to speak.

Dr. Barnardo's Mission Church—a large yellow-brick building at the rear of the Edinburgh Castle—is capable of seating 3,500 persons, but nearly 40,000 applications had been received early in the week, and every post has added to the number.

The church lends itself admirably to the purpose of a great public meeting.

The reading desk, with its claret-covered plush top, will make an excellent stand for the orator of the night.

The evening, which is held under the auspices of the Tariff Reform League, will be presided over by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, the chairman.

Mr. Chamberlain will speak for about an hour and a quarter.

Mr. Chamberlain's next engagement is at Preston on January 11.

PARADISE OF TOYS.

"Truth's" Christmas Doll Show Turns the Albert Hall Into Fairland.

For a brief space yesterday the children of the rich may well have envied the children of the poor, who were conveyed in coroneted carriages and motor-cars to see "Truth's" wonderful annual show of Christmas presents—all for them at the great distribution on Christmas Day.

The Albert Hall was a paradise of toys, and the children could not restrain their glee as they caught a glimpse of the fairland.

One small mite, a mass of white fur, rosy cheeks, and fluffy, golden curls, wept bitterly because she could not go away with a "Juliet" doll about twice her own size.

A little scene, depicting Captain Scott's life in the Antarctic regions, with most chilly-looking cotton-wool snow, reflects the greatest credit on the eleven-year-old boy, Master Norman W. Porter, who designed it, unaided.

Among the effective set-pieces, a group of dolls at the seaside—some digging in real sand, others paddling and bathing—put the childish beholders into transports. But where everything is lovely it is needless to particularise.

THE KING AND THE CHILDREN.

At the suggestion of the King the fruit which gained the gold medal at the Royal Horticultural Society's show yesterday, and which was offered to his Majesty for the hospitals by the West India Committee, will be sent to the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street.

The Glasgow Town Council, at a meeting yesterday, definitely abandoned their proposals to levy a tax upon vegetables, fruit, and clothing on sale within the city boundaries.

Sir Richard Campbell Stewart, K.C.B., died last night at Cheltenham, of concussion of the brain. He was thrown from his horse when returning from hunting with the Cotswold Hounds.

PRAYERS IN THE DARK

Revivalist Contralto's Voice Holds a Strange Audience Spell-bound.

WEIRD SCENES IN WALES.

The Welsh revival performs new wonders every day. At one village the eager devotees held a most impressive meeting in the dark.

Mr. Evan Roberts' evening meeting left hundreds in the street, and a rush was made for another chapel, which proved to be empty, bitterly cold, and pitch dark.

Nothing daunted, the impetuous people took possession, falling over each other in their headlong career. Hats were sent rolling, umbrellas trodden underfoot, and for a moment or two confusion reigned.

Partly through local knowledge, but more through good luck, the crowd finally settled into their seats. For a moment the silence was intense.

Suddenly a sweet contralto voice trailed through the darkness. Beginning in the faintest whisper, it swelled into a glorious volume of sound that rang through the chapel. The audience sat spellbound.

Then, as if by word of command, 500 voices joined in the refrain, and sang with a deep-toned intensity and perfect harmony.

Once set going nothing could stop them, and prayers and hymns followed each other in quick succession, till a hurriedly-summoned minister arrived with an attendant bearing lights.

Service on a Hillside.

On another occasion a service was held on the bleak hillside. Hundreds of men stood huddled for an hour or more, and their full-throated outbursts of song were borne far and wide on the breeze.

The fringe of the revival has now, under the able leadership of Miss Rees, touched Cardiff. The result has exceeded expectations.

Miss Rees confided to the *Daily Mirror* that she went there sorely against Evan Roberts' wish. "The result, however," she said, "has fully justified me. I have made many converts. With one of them, a coloured man, I had a hard struggle, but the Power conquered him in the end."

Cardiff, however, seems generally of the opinion that its city-bred population is likely to be a harder nut to crack than the emotional mining element of the countryside.

LUPINE DE WET.

Northumberland Sheep-worrying Wolf Puzzles Pursuers by His "Mobility."

The ubiquity of the wolf now at large in Northumberland is astounding the local farmers and puzzling all who are seeking to end his depredations.

Within a few hours he contrives to be seen in places more than twenty miles apart. This celerity of movement renders his capture extremely difficult. Yesterday a small army turned out in pursuit of the beast. A number of horsemen, over forty footmen armed with guns, and a whole horde of beaters put themselves under the command of Mr. Baldwin, agent for Mr. W. C. Beaumont, M.P. They scoured the neighbourhood around Corbridge all day, and one of the party got a shot at what he declared was the wolf. But he bagged nothing.

Up to the present thirty-seven sheep have been killed by the escapee, and it is probable that when the full extent of his depredations comes to be known the number will be a far greater one.

TALE OF TWO WORKHOUSES.

Man Supposed To Have Been Buried in Mistake for Another Person.

A strange story is connected with the death of a Norfolk workhouse inmate going by the name of William Strang.

On his death-bed he told the workhouse chaplain his real name was William Baker, that he was wealthy, and had relatives at Cardiff.

Our Cardiff correspondent says a William Baker did leave his relatives, well-to-do people in the Welsh part, fifteen years ago. About five years ago his friends read of a fatal accident to one William Baker, at Newport (Mon.).

This man had an infirmity identical with that with which the real William Baker was affected, but it is now considered possible that he was wrongly identified as William Baker, and wrongly buried by the family under that name.

BACK TO THE LAND.

Mr. Berte Thomas, author of "A Little Brown Branch," produced experimentally at a Court Theatre matinee yesterday, believes in an open air cure for all kinds of mental and bodily ills.

What fun there is in the piece is got out of gathering together several modern types, suffering from modern ailments—mostly nerves and superfluous fat—in a farmhouse, and making them work off their symptoms by agricultural labour.

Miss Franklyn and Mr. Frank Farrer, jun., were both rather good.

"THE LITTLE RED BOOK" **1/6**

"DAILY MAIL" YEAR BOOK

NOW ON SALE,
Is. 6d.,
at all Booksellers.

1905

COTTAGES COLLAPSE.

Sleeping Children Overwhelmed with Debris and Rescued with Difficulty.

Extraordinary scenes were witnessed yesterday in the old district of Yarmouth known as Victoria Gardens.

As a lonely police-sergeant was patrolling the district he heard an ominous sound like a distant thunderclap, and hurrying through one of the narrow streets, not wide enough for two vehicles to pass each other, found the upper wall of a three-storied house broken across, letting down the roof.

The occupants were a family named Pearce, and five children were sleeping in two beds in the room immediately below the collapsed roof. The sergeant entered, and with Mr. Pearce climbed a dark and narrow stairway to the upper room, where they found the floor and beds littered with brick fragments, mortar, and dust.

The whole of the ceiling had dropped on to the bedsteads, and the rafters rested on the headrail.

Almost immediately after the roofs of two other houses, adjoining partly collapsed, strewn the bedrooms with bricks and mortar. Three houses directly at the back exhibited signs of similar collapse, but no serious damage ensued.

During the morning the agent, who had not heard of the houses being unroofed, called to collect the weekly rents.

TWO SMART WEDDINGS.

Many Royalties Put In an Appearance at Eaton-square in the Pouring Rain.

Two important and interesting weddings monopolised the attention of smart folk in London yesterday, in spite of the pouring rain.

Lady Violet Finch, daughter of the Earl of Aylesford, was married at St. Luke's, the quaint old parish church of Chelsea, to Major Eustace Crawley, of the 12th Lancers; while at the fashionable church in Eaton-square, Commander Pelly, R.N., was united to Miss Lilian Vincent, the daughter of the Rev. Sir William and Lady Vincent, of D'Abernon Chase, Leatherhead.

The former wedding was a very quiet one, but Commander Pelly's wedding to pretty Miss Vincent was a most imposing affair.

There were several royalties present, including Princess Christian and her two daughters, Princess Henry of Battenberg, with Princess Ena, the Duchess of Albany, and Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck.

KILLED BY AN ALDER BUSH.

Belief in the superstition that a wound from an alder bush will prove fatal has been strengthened at Sutton Park, Bedfordshire.

Several days ago a gamekeeper named Albert Povey, in the service of Sir John Burooyne, was chasing some fowls from a spinney to the roost when he tripped up on an alder bush, a spike of which entered his hand. The wound was promptly dressed and an operation performed a few days later, but the man died yesterday from tetanus.

MINE MYSTERY REVEALED.

After having been entombed in the workings of Derwent Colliery, Medomsley, since November 20, the dead body of Robert Minks, master shifter, was discovered yesterday in the mine. The man's disappearance caused the gravest anxiety, and a trained bloodhound from Northampton hesitates blind clairvoyant from South Shields, had made unsuccessful attempts to find Minks.

MADE A TOWN.

Mr. Lawson Boasts That He Was the Romulus of Coventry.

As epigrammatic as the conclusion as when he commenced, Mr. Rufus Isaacs, after speaking for seven and three-quarter hours, yesterday, at the Old Bailey, brought to a close his speech on behalf of Hooley.

Mr. Paine, the prosecutor, was, he said, not the first artist who had spoiled his work by putting the colour on a bit too thick. The Treasury had devoted great time and undoubted skill to their task, but the result of their mountainous labour had been to bring forth nothing.

Then followed Mr. Lawson's speech to the jury. He struck an autobiographical note which provided the court with the most entertaining afternoon it has experienced in the eighteen days already occupied by the conspiracy trial.

As pioneer of the cycle industry he pointed to the effect his enterprises had had upon Coventry. It had been a desert with the people poverty-stricken; it was now a prosperous district.

Then he spoke of those early days at Brighton when he was designing bicycles. He used to take them up to the Downs, and if they would run down he thought they "were doing fine."

A visit to Coventry with his blacksmith followed, but "they" hit his blacksmith on the head with a brick, and he went back to Brighton sharp.

"The bicycle has made man the fastest animal, for he can go twenty miles an hour. What has it done for woman?" asked the "pioneer." "Well"—Lawson hesitated a moment—"I would not like to say that as the outcome of the invention of the bicycle lady cyclists have become the fastest women."

"And now I am here in the Old Bailey dock," he added dramatically.

In turn he made humorous references to Paine, whose residence, he first thought, was Windsor Castle itself; to the Solicitor-General, who came along and hit the Construction Company on the head with a big club before it had got fairly settled; and to Hooley, from whom he had received nothing except a fine fat turkey and half a sheep—he hoped to have one this Christmas.

Mr. Lawson is to deliver his peroration to-day.

"WHITAKER" NOT EVIDENCE.

Judge Refuses to Accept Officially a Statement in the Famous Almanac.

An interesting case was heard at Brompton County Court yesterday.

Dr. Robert John Colenso, son of the famous Bishop of Natal, sued a lady living in a house rented at £42 10s., including rates and taxes, for six guineas, difference on a bill for medical attendance.

The lady disputed the claim, on the ground that 7s. was the proper charge for a person living in a house of the rent named, whereas the doctor had charged 10s. 6d.

During the trial reference was made to "Whitaker's Almanack," which states that 7s. is a more than reasonable charge on the rental named. The Judge, however, could not take "Whitaker" as evidence, and in the absence of any special agreement gave judgment for the plaintiff.

"SPORTING PAUPER" DEAD.

Discovery of His Gambling Propensities Breaks His Heart.

The "sporting pauper" of Eton Workhouse died yesterday.

At one time the man, Henry Sturgess, was a prosperous draper, and afterwards proprietor of one of the best hotels in Slough. He went to America, but on returning to England drifted into the union. Even then the love of gambling, which he had always displayed, was not suppressed.

The discovery of more than two pounds in his possession, and of a letter relating to bets, was recently reported to the guardians, and Sturgess, who was sixty-nine years of age, was so disconcerted at the loss of his money that he cut his throat last Wednesday, but lingered until yesterday.

For stealing fourteen eggs, George Davidson, a ganger at the docks, was sentenced by the Thames magistrate to six weeks' hard labour.

Great News

for housekeepers—

Half the labour of washing is saved by Fels-Naptha; wash-day is shorter and clothes last longer.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E C

LONDON VOLCANO.

Hotel and Shops Wrecked by a Terrific Explosion.

SEVENTEEN INJURED.

Southampton-row was the scene yesterday afternoon of a gas explosion, by which seventeen persons were more or less seriously injured.

The shop at which the explosion occurred was completely wrecked, while neighbouring premises were badly damaged and the pavement was torn up for many yards.

The wrecked premises are those of Mr. F. W. Barber, a large draper, occupying a shop at the corner of Cosmo-place and underneath a portion of the Waverley Hotel.

Shortly after half-past one a strong smell of gas was noticed proceeding from the basement of the shop. Before any steps could be taken to minimise danger a great volume of gas had collected and a rumble as of suppressed thunder gave momentary warning of the explosion, and the next instant the street was one mass of glass, paving-stones, and prostrate people.

All the windows of the Waverley Hotel in Cosmo-place were shattered, while plate-glass shop windows, within a radius of fifty yards, were badly damaged, so great was the shock.

An eye-witness of the explosion graphically described it for the *Daily Mirror*. He was in charge of a brougham, whose occupant had just alighted at the Waverley Hotel.

"I was getting down from the box," he said, "when suddenly there was a roar in my ears, and immediately an awful explosion followed. It knocked me over, and as I fell a great sheet of flame rose up. In my dazed ears there sounded a tremendous crashing of glass, and everywhere pieces of paving-stone, glass, and earth were falling about me. A policeman helped me up."

Paving Embedded in the Roof.

"I looked round," continued the man, "and saw an awful sight. Men and women were being lifted up, unconscious and bleeding. A whole paving-stone had been thrown up and was embedded in the roof of the brougham, together with a woman's umbrella."

Another witness had an even more extraordinary story to tell. "I was standing a few yards further up on the other side of the road. The moment after the explosion I rushed across to the corner. There was a great gushing hole in the pavement, through which the basement of Mr. Barber's shop could be seen."

"Three girls and a constable had fallen through; one was moaning piteously, and blood was streaming down her face. In the street were two or three more, some lying down, others getting up in a dazed sort of way. I ran to one girl and helped her up. Her hands were bleeding. Where am I?" she cried hysterically. "What has happened?"

Meanwhile the police and fire brigade had arrived. The injured lady attendants from Mr. Barber's were taken into the hotel and adjoining shops. According to the manager of the Jones Cycle Company, whose premises are situated in the same block, the condition of some of the wounded girls was pitiable.

"I brought three of them in," he said. "They were all bleeding profusely from wounds in the face and head. 'Oh, oh,' cried one girl. 'I want my sister—I want my sister.'"

Mrs. Barber herself, who was uninjured, wished to rush back into the wrecked shop to see if any of the girls were still there.

The injured, of whom the most serious is Constable Stanbrook, with a broken leg, were taken to King's College and the Royal Free Hospitals. On inquiry late last night the *Daily Mirror* was informed that ten persons had been detained and were all progressing satisfactorily.

AFTER FORTY-SEVEN YEARS.

Servant Kills Mistress Whom She Had Served with Unselfish Devotion.

"I have never seen such unselfish devotion as Mary Holdaway showed to her mistress," said a witness at the Old Bailey yesterday.

Yet Mary Holdaway was being tried for the murder of this old lady, Mrs. Tabitha Lawson, of Plumstead, in whose service she had been for forty-seven years. The prosecution did not dispute that the substantial issue was the state of the prisoner's mind.

Mrs. Lawson had for many years been an invalid, and throughout her illness had been nursed by Holdaway, who begged to be allowed to attend her mistress to the end. On November 24 she cut Mrs. Lawson's throat, appearing afterwards like some child awakening from a terrible nightmare.

The jury found her guilty, but insane, and an order was made for her detention during his Majesty's pleasure.

The prize given by the King for annual competition by the Honourable Artillery Company has been won by Colour-sergeant J. C. Duncan. The championship and gold jewel of the regiment is awarded to Private M. Gilbert.

DEALER IN IRONCLADS

Interesting Suit by New Kind of Commercial Traveller.

STATE SECRETS.

Those who are depressed by the slackness of trade should pay a visit to Mr. Justice Warrington's Court at the Royal Courts of Justice, and feast their eyes on a gentleman who could claim, if he listed, to be the record commercial traveller.

His name is R. H. Thomson, and he travels in ironclads. He thinks just as much of selling you a couple of ironclads as other commercial gentlemen do of getting your order for twenty-five pairs of boots.

Mr. Thomson during recent years has travelled in smaller lines than ironclads. If you did not want ironclads he was willing to supply you with hundred-ton guns.

In fact he used to be traveller for Sir William Armstrong and Company, of Elswick fame, and he is bringing an action against that distinguished firm, claiming commission on ironclads, etc., sold.

During the period 1882-1896 he only received the trivial sum of a little over £18,000 for his commission sales—so it appeared from the complicated opening of his case—instead of the larger percentage claimed by him on the many millions of purchases made that accrued, so he says, to Messrs. Armstrongs by his efforts.

Japan a Purchaser.

The purchasers were the Governments of Chili, Argentina, China, Japan, and other foreign Governments.

How extensive his operations were will be gathered from the following letter which he wrote to his firm re the probability of the Japanese being induced to purchase warships to keep abreast with rival Powers:—

I intend, with De Bunsen's help, to make this very clear to the Japanese, and I think they will go ahead in their naval preparations. Lord Salisbury knows Admiral Hotham's views, and I intended, before leaving, discussing the matter with the former.

I have been in communication with him through his secretary on our policy in the Pacific. I am sorry Lord Salisbury is likely to go out of office, but I have already arranged to carry on the matter with Lord Rosebery if he becomes Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Post Haste to Bangkok.

Again, when there were thought to be signs that France was going to attack Siam, Mr. Thomson hurried to Bangkok with the newest lines in cruisers and quick-firers.

As Mr. Danckwerts read the letters relating to this matter the Court dreamily pictured to itself a scene in the commercial room of the principal commercial hotel in Bangkok, with Mr. Thomson announcing to the other commercial gentlemen who travelled in beads and Birmingham-made idols, "My best line is battleships."

There was a stream of bewildering references in the letters to Chilean Ministers, British Ambassadors, and foreign potentates of every description.

The defence is that no contract of the nature claimed by Mr. Thomson was made, and the Statute of Limitations is also pleaded.

The case was adjourned when Mr. Danckwerts had reached page 574 of the printed correspondence.

TO DIE TOGETHER.

Mother's Resolve on Being Called Upon to Part from Her Child.

Unable to face separation from her eight-year-old daughter, Mrs. Pritchard, matron of the Nantwich Workhouse, administered large doses of laudanum to herself and her child.

Both were found in bed at the institution on Tuesday morning in a very dangerous state. Medical assistance was promptly summoned, and the child's life was saved.

The mother, however, never regained consciousness, and died the same night. A sealed letter written by the deceased was found in the room and handed over to the coroner.

The only motive assigned for the deed was the dread at parting with her child, who was about to enter a Masonic home.

DONOVAN'S CONFESSION.

The chaplain of Pentonville Prison confirmed yesterday the under-sheriff's statement that Donovan, one of the men executed on Tuesday for the murder of Miss Farmer, said to him, "No murder was meant."

While pointing out that his position precluded him from making any statement, the chaplain told a reporter, "What the under-sheriff said is true."

Captain Theodore Balline, of the 3rd Royal Jersey Militia Regiment, fell from his horse on Tuesday, receiving injuries that caused his death.

MANIAC AT THE BANK.

Officials' Desperate Struggle with a Deluded Caller.

EXCITING SCENE.

There has been an exciting incident at the Bank of England, recalling in some degree the scene when an attack was made upon Mr. Kenneth Grahame, the secretary.

Shortly before the time for closing the doors to the public arrived on Tuesday afternoon a half-caste seaman entered and asked one of the cashiers if there was any account in his name. He was told there was not, and was requested to leave the Bank.

He went as far as the courtyard, and then began to wander about in a manner which raised suspicion, with the result that detectives escorted him into the street.

But half-an-hour later he made his appearance again, and sought to gain entrance to the private drawing office. Detective Fitzgerald intervened, and as the intruder showed violence, other constables were sent for. The police were proceeding to take the man to Cloak-lane Police Station when he turned fiercely upon them, and fought so desperately that he broke away. He was only recaptured by the united efforts of seven officers, and in the struggle bit Detective Fitzgerald in the hand.

Strapping him to the ambulance, they managed by this means to take him to the cells. At the Mansion House yesterday his name was given as Kenneth Macdonald. Recently he was discharged from the service of the Donald Currie Company.

A doctor certified as to the prisoner's insanity, and he was sent to Stone Asylum.

LORD WILLIAM NEVILL.

Pleads Want of Means and Reveals His Profits as an Author.

Lord William Nevill appeared yesterday at the Tenthredine County Court upon a judgment summons in respect of a debt of £20 for photographs, due to a local photographer named Glanville.

On behalf of the judgment creditor it was stated that the debt was originally about £70, and it was in respect of photographs of Lord William and his family, and of some graves.

Lord William Nevill told Judge Emden that he was entirely without means, and although he lived in Eaton-square he was dependent upon his friends for everything.

The sale of his book produced about £400, most of which was distributed among his creditors. His debts at the present time were over £3,000, and he had no means of paying them.

The Judge held that there was not sufficient evidence of means, and he made no order. He remitted the fine of £5 imposed upon the debtor for not appearing at the last Court.

JUDGE QUOTES SHAKESPEARE.

"Othello" Applied to a Matrimonial Suit Evokes Misplaced Laughter.

Fifty pounds damages against Mr. Slattery, £100 damages against Captain Gunning, and a decree nisi against Mrs. Conliffe were the results of the divorce case brought by Mr. Horace Godfrey against his wife, as decided by Judge and jury in the Divorce Court yesterday.

Mr. Slattery and Captain Gunning were seen by detectives to visit Mrs. Godfrey's flat, and she was also seen at the Empire with a strange gentleman.

During his summing-up the President quoted a very serious passage from "Othello," which certain people at the back of the court, thinking it was humorous, greeted with loud laughter.

CONSIDERATE THIEF.

Admitting his complicity in a series of thefts of passengers' luggage from London railway stations, John Evans, a Cromer butcher, told the police that he presented the papers which he found in one bag and sent them on by post to the owner.

Evans was remanded by the Southwark magistrate yesterday.

Calorit

Hot food without fire.

A hot meal in five minutes without fire or trouble.

Just puncture the can, the food heats itself.

Best English-made Soups and Entrées. Of all grocers and stores, or write for price list to

Calorit, 16 Victoria Street, S.W.

COLISEUM MARVELS.

Superb House of Entertainment on Eve of Opening in London.

FOUR SHOWS A DAY.

The long-expected Coliseum at the Trafalgar-square end of St. Martin's-lane is ready at last, and on Monday next Londoners will be introduced to an entirely new sort of entertainment.

The whole idea of the Coliseum is new. There are four performances instead of one, and two completely different programmes.

The building itself is utterly unlike any other. The manner in which visitors will be looked after will be more like a private club than a place of public entertainment. It is a revolution in things theatrical.

The greatest revolution is the scheme of four performances each day. The first begins at noon and goes on till two. Then the house is cleared, an army of cleaners put in, and the building prepared for the next performance, which begins at three—a totally distinct entertainment, be it noted.

At five o'clock the house is cleared once more for the six o'clock performance, and at nine o'clock comes the last performance, which is a repetition of the three o'clock one.

The extent to which these four separate entertainments will be carried can be judged from the programme and the huge staff which has been engaged to direct them. Their names sound like the commanders of an army corps.

Waiting in Comfort.

The preparations for the public do not only include the performances. The Coliseum would probably manage to exist without them.

If you arrive before the time of your particular performance you can go into the large reception-room, from which run the lifts. There is no climbing of stairs at the Coliseum.

If so minded, you may pass the time of waiting in the comfortable smoking-lounge. Besides, in the tea-rooms and confectionery stalls light meals will be provided all day.

There is a special drawing-room for ladies, which will greatly facilitate the making of appointments to meet friends. For busy visitors there is a writing-room, provided with a special staff of typewriters, who will take down letters to dictation, and a staff of messenger-boys will attend to the delivery of messages.

House of Marvels.

You will have plenty of time for this, too, for you will not have to rush for seats. Every seat in the huge house, from the boxes at £12—another revolution—to the gallery seats at 6d., are reserved, and any seats sold beyond the numbered ones will have "standing room only" printed on the tickets, so there will be no inducement to wait at the doors.

The programme, or, rather, the programmes, which have been arranged for Monday and onward, give one some idea of what the Coliseum means to do in the way of entertaining.

At the twelve o'clock and six o'clock performances there will be a great spectacle, called "Port Arthur," another called "The Last Load," and a full musical-hall entertainment of the best type.

At the three o'clock and nine o'clock performances there will be a spectacle called "The Derby," at which racehorses will really race, and another complete show.

It is only the special electric revolving stage which makes this possible. Really, there seems to be no end to the revolutions.

The place itself is a revolution in theatrical architecture, and must be seen to be believed. As a small piece of size, it is worth mentioning that five miles of carpet has been laid.

The prices are a revolution. The lounges and reception-rooms, writing-rooms, and tea-rooms are a revolution, while the four performances in a day are more than a revolution—they are a theatrical creation.

A novelty in the performances will be that the songs that are sung will be illustrated with scenery and choruses. Miss Millie Hyton, for instance, when she sings "Daisy Mary," is supported by a bevy of dairymaids.

MAGIC AND MEDICINE.

Professor Shows the Wonders of Hypnotism to an Audience of Young Doctors.

The magical hypnotist, Professor Alex, wearing a twinkling diamond star on his shirt-front, entertained a household of medical students and others interested in hypnotism at the Pavilion Theatre yesterday afternoon.

A tall, burly soldier was invited on the stage. The professor, with white, nervous hands and a delicate handkerchief, performed some passes, and the man became a cataleptic.

Then followed some experiments with students. There will be no evil consequences. Nothing will happen to you. You will just fall asleep," said Professor Alex.

Some slept, but others, not being willing, kept awake.

The audience of young doctors gave the professor unequivocal demonstrations of the pleasure his exposition afforded.

ITEMS OF GENERAL NEWS.

By the benefit matinee at His Majesty's Theatre Mrs. Edmund Phelps has benefited by £432 0s. 6d.

Sir Lovelace Stamer, Bishop of Shrewsbury, is laid up at his residence at Edgmond.

Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein will this afternoon open a bazaar at Epsom Town Hall on behalf of the Soldiers' Help Society.

TRAMPS AND CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

That hardy annual, the tramp's semicircular chalked mark on a villa gatepost, denoting to his fraternity a house where slices of pudding are given to beggars at Christmastide, is reported to be unusually early in evidence in the Finchley district.

SEVERN GRAVEL WANTED.

The Newport (Mon.) Harbour Commissioners yesterday declined to commit themselves to the approval of the scheme of Mr. Merriam Garrod, of London, to take 50,000,000 tons of sand and gravel by dredging or suction from the bed of the Bristol Channel, near the Severn estuary.

BABY PUDDINGS.

"Pudding Sunday" takes place next Sunday at St. Mary-at-Hill, Monument, when Mr. Carlie expects all to bring a pudding, small or large, either half or wholly baked, to feed the destitute and hungry in the Church Army Labour Homes.

Last year "Baby Puddings" were sent from various parts of England by post.

DRINKS FOR THE DESTUTE.

In the course of an inquiry on the death of a stonemason, the Bradford coroner, Mr. J. G. Hutchinson, permitted himself to offer advice on a suitable drink for persons in such occupations. Did he drink ale? said the coroner. It is the worst thing for stonemasons. Spirits clear the throat; ale tends to clog it.

STRIKE BENEFITS ENGLAND.

For over seven months the workmen in the Belgian sheet-glass trade have been on strike, with the result that prices have gone up fifty per cent., and English blowers are reaping a harvest as the result.

Home-made glass is for the present actually cheaper than the Belgian product.

OLD HORSESHOES FOR CHINA.

The S. Ben Led, which has arrived in London from Leith to complete a cargo for China, has 200 tons of old horseshoes on board.

A Leith firm is shipping these to Hong Kong; they number about a quarter of a million of shoes, all more or less worn smooth and thin on the Scottish roads. There is to be another lot for China shortly.

JULY CHRISTMAS TREES.

There has been opened at Brentford a mission club for canal-boat families.

Every year the London City Mission has been able, by subscriptions placed in their hands, to give every child living on the boats a Christmas tree.

So scattered, however, is this floating population that frequently a canal-boat child does not get its Christmas tree until July or August.

CHEAP MUSIC IN ISLINGTON.

At to-morrow's meeting of the Islington Borough Council, a proposal from the Amalgamated Musicians' Union for a series of cheap week-day concerts at popular prices during the winter months is to be presented for approval.

The union agree to provide the concerts conditionally on the council placing a suitable hall at their disposal.

The Parliamentary and General Purposes Committee, however, recommend that the use of the council's baths can only be granted the union at a rental of 17s. each performance.

HELPING THE ARMSTRONGS.

The fund for the relief of the families of the seven Newbiggen fishermen drowned last Friday is growing steadily, and is well on towards £300 locally, while considerable sums are being raised in other parts of the county.

How widespread was the grief at the disaster may be imagined, when it is stated that intermarriage has gone on so much in Newbiggen that there are over one hundred heads of families named Armstrong in Newbiggen.

Four of the Armstrongs drowned and the survivor were in a lifeboat crew which made a gallant rescue at a wreck in 1901.

NEWCASTLE VANDALISM.

Vandalism appears to be rampant in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Only recently a proposal was made to remove the great Grey monument to a secluded spot, then the Plummer Tower, one of the few remaining vestiges of old Newcastle, was threatened, and now a greater altruistic calamity is feared.

In the centre of the city, with a modest burial-ground around it, situated St. John's Church, one of the oldest ecclesiastical edifices in Newcastle. For this a syndicate has offered £300,000, in order to use the square block of ground for building purposes. An indignation meeting is promised at an early date.

Allan Line third-class Atlantic fares will be advanced to £5 10s. after the end of January.

Recruiting for the Army is so good that the two regiments at Dover are at full strength.

For injuries through collapse of a stand a labourer is suing the Perthshire Cricket Club for £1,000.

HISTORIC CHURCH DOOMED.

The progress of the Strand Improvement Scheme will shortly sweep away the old Sardinian Chapel which for over 200 years has been a landmark in the neighbourhood.

It was attacked by Lord George Gordon, and demolished during the famous Riots, but was subsequently renovated.

A new Roman Catholic church will be built in the neighbourhood.

SMALLPOX AT PRESTON.

Mr. George Ducker, retired schoolmaster, a member of the Preston Board of Guardians, and a well-known public man, died yesterday morning from smallpox.

There are over forty cases in the town, and it has been necessary to enlarge the smallpox hospital.

HONOUR FOR M.P.

On Wednesday next, at Totnes, Mr. F. B. Mildmay, M.P. for the division, is to receive a portrait of himself subscribed for by 600 of his constituents of all parties in recognition of his services as their Parliamentary representative since 1885.

The portrait was painted by Mr. Peacock, and exhibited at the Royal Academy this year.

ALL HAD "DAILY MIRRORS."

A correspondent writes us a striking instance of the popularity of the *Daily Mirror*.

On entering a first-class compartment in the 9.45 train from Surbiton to Waterloo yesterday morning, after having purchased a *Daily Mirror* at the bookstall, he found that his seven fellow-passengers each had a copy.

FREE LUNCHEONS DOOMED.

Glasgow publicans, at a recent meeting, resolved to entirely do away with free lunches.

Numbers of the trade had for some time past been supplying coffee in the mornings, and hot potatoes and cheese during the evenings.

Those who gave felt it a tax upon them, whilst others who did not complained that it attracted customers from them.

HOUSEHOLD DIARIES.

Boot's, the cash chemists, have issued their usual diaries for the coming year. A useful book is the "Home Diary," with pages for keeping household accounts of income and expenditure, bound in cloth, and gilt-lettered on the front.

The "Pocket Diary" is a vest pocket-book, in limp leather, with back-loop pencil, printed on thin bank paper, with a week to each opening, sold for sixpence.

SENT TO THE WRONG PRISON.

At Abercromby Police Court yesterday Dermot O'Gadd, a travelling cobbler, who had twice been sentenced during the past month, was again given a month's imprisonment.

He appealed earnestly to the stipendiary, with tears in his eyes, to send him to Cardiff Gaol, and not Swansea, as the prisoners were there starved. His request, however, was ignored, and, later in the day, he went to Swansea Prison for Christmas.

MURDERER Baffles POLICE.

The Partick Town Council, with the approval of the authorities, have agreed to offer £200 reward for the discovery of the murderer of Miss McArthur, who was brutally done to death in her dairy, in Dumbarton-road, Whiteinch, on the morning of November 8.

A month has elapsed since the perpetration of the deed, but the police have been completely baffled, and the guilty person has successfully eluded pursuit.

TO HELP GENTLE INVALIDS.

Three thousand pounds are required to move the Hospital for Invalid Gentlewomen from 90, Harley-street, W.

This hospital was founded in 1850 for the gratuitous medical and surgical treatment of ladies of limited means, quite unable to pay even reduced expenses of a surgical operation.

The weekly charges for board, lodging, and attendance, including medical and surgical treatment and nursing, are £1 5s., and for operation cases £2 5s. 6d.

ARCHITECTURAL COMPETITION.

Great interest is being taken in the architectural competition, which is now on the point of being decided, for the erection of the Great Central Wesleyan Church House opposite to Westminster Abbey on the site of the demolished Aquarium. Hundreds of designs have been sent in, all the most eminent architects in the United Kingdom being represented in the drawings.

The Wesleyan authorities, with the expert assistance of Sir Aston Well, have now, however, reduced the number to one hundred, out of which the successful plan will be selected.

GIPIES IN A SWAMP.

Macedonian Visitors Trying to Raise Money to Leave England.

STILL MOVING ON.

The Macedonian gipsies, like the curate of comedy, do not like London. Accustomed though all gipsies are to a wandering existence, they have recently been "moved on" rather too much.

In a dismal swamp off Station-street, Tottenham, screened from the public stare by a huge boarding, two of their caravans are resting by the way.

The vans are covered with mud splashes and all the windows are broken.

Yesterday the gipsies were still trying to sell their horses, their one desire being to raise money, get rid of all encumbrances, and clear out of England.

Huddled together in the same swamp were twenty vans of English gipsies.

The two parties had nothing to say to each other, the Macedonians regarding the others as if fearing a feud.

The police are full of pity for the wanderers and their overworked horses, and resent the regulation which compels them to move the gipsies on.

It is problematical whether the caravan will ever again meet that of their relatives who divided from them on Tuesday and went by way of Whitechapel and London Bridge towards Surrey.

BOOTLESS BAIRNS' BENEFIT.

Grand Performance for Their Sake by 200 Animals at the Royal Italian Circus.

There will be a grand benefit performance for London bootless children at the Italian Circus (otherwise known as Hengler's) to-morrow evening.

It is not to be a partial benefit. Every penny taken goes directly, without reduction of any kind, to the "Evening News" Boot Fund.

To do full justice to this laudable object a wonderful programme will be submitted.

No fewer than two hundred animals, including Madame Batavia, the precocious bear, will contribute to the entertainment—acting, dancing, tumbling, playing football, and performing all manner of amazing tricks.

In addition, there will be appropriately topical pictures by the bioscope, showing the actual distribution of the "Evening News" boots to the little people who need them.

It is necessary to book early for all parts of the house.

Prices of admission range from a shilling to half a guinea, and seats may be booked at the Royal Italian Circus, Argyll-street, W., next door to the Oxford-circuit Tube Station; at the "Evening News" office, 3, Carnarvon-street, E.C.; or at the *Daily Mirror* offices, 45, New Bond-street, W.

THE CITY.

Tone Better—Wet Weather Affects Raile-Kaffir Optimism—Gas Group Strong.

CAPITAL COURT, Wednesday Evening.—Stock markets have been rather quiet to-day, and the tone has been better. At first the American cloud was threatening. Mr. Lawson, the Boston speculator, was venturing in this country, predicting dreadful times for Americans. His efforts, however, were rather laughed at in London, as it is impossible to free the American canals. There came a decided spell of weakness in the morning, though the New York selling pressure was not noticeable. Steels came on offer. The market prices were considerably below the New York equivalent. In the afternoon, however, there was a sharp rally with the New York opening, and tales of possible failures in Amsterdam and elsewhere were no longer talked about. The tendency became strong, and the market more buoyant, and this made a good impression all round the Stock Exchange. Prices were often considerably over £1 above the worst. The close was firm. Canadian Ralls sympathised.

The other main item of interest is the talk of the Paris £1,000,000 syndicate to support Kaffirs. It seems to be closely allied with the Goldfields movement, and has already taken over a considerable amount of stock. Generally there was a feeling of optimism in the Kaffir market. Although options expire this month, it is thought that the end of the year will see a stronger market, with the finance houses more willing to see things better next month. To-day there was a good deal of all-round improvement, and Rhodesians had their share. The knowledge that railway rates for coal had been reduced to the uniform halfpenny per ton in Rhodesia, though designed, no doubt, to help the Wankie Company in which the Chartered Company is interested, was held to be good for mining interests in Rhodesia generally. Goldfields are 3½.

Home Ralls were checked by the wet weather. The traffics were not at all bad, and the tone of the market firm enough, but the weather checked initiative in business. North-Westerns were good on the profitable arrangements come to with the Lancashire and Yorkshire.

Some of the Argentine Railway traffics, notably the A.R. Western and the Great Southern, were affected by the fact that the Central Provinces and Buenos Ayres was closed all the week. The Rosario traffic was a good one. Argentine Ralls were firm generally, but the fact that the Central Provinces and Buenos Ayres was closed all the week, and the crop is likely to work out a good one, from the railway point of view. The Mexican group was steady, though the Mexican Ralls were poor. Costa Rica Ralls were firm at 3 on a good traffic.

The Gas group continues quite a strong feature. Gas Light and Coke stock and the Gas Light and Coke are still on dividend talk. National Telephones were good on increasing earnings.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1904.

JUSTICE AND THE LAW.

WHICH should you say was the worse offence—to let a child play the violin at a concert for charity, or send a pony into a cage of lions with the result that the poor beast was severely bitten and mauled, and died the next day?

You smile at the question. You think it is asked in jest. "There can be little doubt," you say, "that the pony case was a serious one. The other may be a technical offence, but there can be no real comparison between them. They fall into different categories altogether."

Well, that may be your opinion, and the opinion of the vast majority of intelligent people; but it is not the opinion of British Law.

British Law treats each of these offences in exactly the same way. "Forty shillings and costs," it says to both the offenders. One of them, it is true, was summoned at Nottingham. The other, the little violinist's father, made his appearance at a London police court. But, so far as we are aware, the Nottingham magistrates are supposed to administer the same quality of justice as is meted out at Clerkenwell.

Can it be said, after this, that the law is the same in different parts of the country? There is room for two opinions as to whether the small fiddler's father ought to be punished at all. Also, it might be contended that the proprietor of the pony, who had seen the performance with the lions gone through safely a great many times, ought not to be too harshly punished for an accident.

But to inflict upon a man who has merely broken a law which many people think fussy and needless, without in any way outraging public sentiment—to inflict upon him the same fine as is imposed upon another man whose action, however unwitting or unintentional, caused an animal to die a horrible death does strike one as being not only unequal, but absurd.

It is time we had a department whose special business it should be, as far as possible, to standardise the law and to check the eccentricities of those who dispense it. The Home Office is not fit for the task. The Beck cases proved that. Nor does the Lord Chancellor seem to trouble his head about such matters. We ought to follow the example of other countries and establish a Minister of Justice.

DECEITFUL RICHES.

In this age of money-grubbing it is pleasant even to read about prominent men who care little about heaping up riches for themselves.

Both Lord Rayleigh and Mistral, the poet of the south of France, decided, as soon as they heard they were Nobel Prize winners, to give their prizes away. The English scientist's award will benefit Cambridge University. The Frenchman will found a museum and present it to his favourite town. They are both following the example which another Englishman, Mr. Cremer, M.P., set when he handed over his Nobel prize last year to the International Arbitration League.

The fact is that people who have their minds fixed on some noble end only care about money, after their simple personal needs are satisfied, as a means to that end. Misers and spendthrifts are alike people who have no worthy aims. They scrape or scatter, according to their temperament, simply because they do not understand that there are more rational ways of getting the best out of their lives.

When a man cares only for money, or only for the pleasures that money can buy, you may know that he is incapable of appreciating anything higher than these.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The tailor is not only a man, but something of a creator or divinity. For a man is by a tailor new-created into a nobleman, and clothed not only with wool but with dignity as a mystic doreation. Is not the fair fabric of society itself the creation of the tailor alone?—*Carlyle*.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

TO-DAY Lord Elgin's charming daughter, Lady Christian Bruce, is to be married to Mr. Herbert Ogilvy. Lady Christian has travelled a good deal. She gained great experience of life in India when her father was Viceroy. She still remembers with pleasure the summer months she used to spend with her mother in the Viceregal Lodge, Simla, where everything is so ordered as to make the heat endurable. Lord Elgin is devoted to his family, and will, no doubt, miss Lady Christian very much indeed.

Personally, Lord Elgin is a man of simple tastes and modest ways of living. He succeeded his father when he was only fourteen and still a boy at Eton. Though he never went in for unnecessary display, yet he gave several delightful entertainments when he was at Simla. The most famous

of these took place in 1896. It was a "Waverley" hall, and everybody who came to it had to dress as a character out of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels.

Universities are in luck nowadays; generous millionaires have fallen into the habit of contributing immense sums to them. The latest gift is that of £25,000, which Sir Donald Currie has presented to Edinburgh University. Only at the beginning of this year Sir Donald gave £100,000 to London University College, so educational interests have been magnificently forwarded by him. Sir Donald is a delightful host, and entertains a great deal on his yacht, and sometimes also on the great Union Castle Line steamers, which he has set sailing and made prosperous. He has had many distinguished people as his guests on many famous cruises.

Sir Donald once made a cruise with Gladstone and Tennyson as his guests on the Pembroke Castle. Tennyson was persuaded to accept a peerage during the voyage. He used to spend most of his time in his cabin, smoking and meditating upon all things knowable and unknowable. When the vessel arrived at Copenhagen, the King and Queen expressed a wish to hear him read aloud. Sir Donald spent about an hour trying to make the poet consent. Then, after much grunting and fumbling, Tennyson got up from his cabin sofa and handed the old clown, smoking and meditating, Sir Donald, saying: "Keep it, even that may be precious some day!" Sir Donald keeps it still.

The Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton is not often seen at public functions, though she occupies herself very busily in private with clubs and societies and all things charitable and political. Yesterday, however, she consented to give away the prizes of St. Mary's College, Paddington, and acquitted herself very gracefully of the task. Mrs. Lyttelton, like Lady Violet Greville, is one of the society women who write plays, and who also get them produced.

Edith Hamlet, also, and she is even such a good speaker that she got her husband elected to Parliament while he was lying on a bed of sickness, and could not go near his constituency. Mrs. Lyttelton has a strong, sweet voice, and from the very first day when she appeared on the platform and said, "I am not at all used to making speeches," she won the hearts of the voters with them. More important still, she won their votes!

Everybody will be sorry to hear of the illness of Sir Isaac Lowthian Bell, the venerable owner of 3,000 acres of mining land in the north, and one of the directors of the North-Eastern Railway. Until this illness of his, Sir Lowthian had been a remarkably strong and hearty old man, always able to go in for his favourite recreations of gardening and country walking. He believes that one is never too old to dig in the garden a little every day, and he proves the good effects of doing so by pointing to his own health and spirits in his eighty-ninth year. A "grand old gardener," indeed!

Lady Gertrude Gore-Langton, who is to be married to Captain Caillard down in Somersetshire to-day, is a daughter of Earl Temple of Stowe. Lord Temple has a beautiful seat near Aylesbury called Wotton House, the same name, by the way, as the famous seat of the Evelyns in Surrey. In 1820, the original building of Earl Temple's ancestors here was entirely destroyed by fire, and it was only with difficulty that the Earl and Countess of those days escaped alive. The present house was built in exact imitation of the old one, and a charming and dignified home it makes.

A very interesting international engagement has just been announced between Count Fritz Hochburg, a younger brother of Prince Henry of Pless, and Miss Caroline Roche, who is the sister of Lord Fermoy. Count Fritz has evidently decided that he cannot do better than imitate his brother, and seek happiness, as Prince Henry did, by marrying an Englishwoman. His brother's marriage has certainly proved a great success. Princess Henry of Pless is known in Germany as the "Fairy Princess," and her grace and beauty have destroyed, let us hope for ever, the prejudice that the Germans are concerned, the illusion that all Englishwomen are necessarily plain and angular, and have prominent, clashing teeth.

That Princess Henry should have managed thus to conciliate all German prejudice is a convincing proof of her tact and kindness. For her husband was watched over very jealously by German matchmakers, and for him to marry an Englishwoman was a cause of woe and disappointment to them. But now all that is forgotten, and the Prince and Princess, in their charming home at Fürstenstein, are amongst the most popular hosts in Germany. They go in enthusiastically for sport there, and the place is famous for its hunting.

The life at Fürstenstein is a very simple one, and has a charming uniformity about it. The Princess and her guests drive a great deal—generally in the morning. Often the party lunch out on the beautiful mountains near, and ride back for tea on ponies which are kept at a mountain village for them. In the evening the chief occupation is music or dancing. Princess Henry, if Pless and her guests are concerned, often delights her guests by singing to them. No wonder that she is happily acclimatised in this place, where she is treated as a queen.

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

DECEMBER 15.—On many a bright December morning our thoughts turn to the spring. Let us remember that spring may, if we take heed now, bring a wealth of bloom to the garden, to compensate us for these flowerless days.

In mild weather it is not too late to plant flowers that will be gay early in the year. Let there be stately hyacinths and tulips by all means, but do not forget the simple inhabitants of cottage gardens—yellow and coloured primroses, the polyanthus, white and purple rock-roses, and especially forget-me-nots.

Forget-me-nots are among the most beautiful of spring flowers; they bloom profusely for quite three months.

THE FISCAL WOLF LOOSE AGAIN.



The reappearance of Mr. Chamberlain to-night upon the platform after his long silence is likely to cause quite as much dismay among the free traders as the escaped wolf is causing in Northumberland.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

The First Bishop of Birmingham.

IT has been understood all along that Dr. Gore would be the first Bishop of the New See of Birmingham, for he has done so much towards the creation of it.

But there was a great deal of surprise when he was made Bishop of Worcester three years ago, for his views were not of the kind to recommend him to the Government. He is a pronounced Liberal and reformer, and certainly did not side with the majority of Englishmen on the subject of the Boer War.

This only goes to prove how clearly he was the man for the post. Many people, indeed, say that he is too good for a Bishop, and that he is wasted on the routine of diocesan management.

No man in the Church has more influence. His sincerity is so great that he carries along with him all with whom he comes in contact. It is the result of his personal influence, for as a preacher he does not shine. He generally reads his sermons, and always has abundant notes. He is not eloquent, his voice is against him, and he has no dramatic force. He does not try to be an orator.

As a writer—he has written much—he is best known by "Lux Mundi," which he edited, and by his paper in it on "Inspiration."

In appearance he is not striking. He is slight of build, and graceful of movement. The apparent roughness of face which is produced by his beard, is counterbalanced by his dreamy introspective eyes. He looks a dreamer, but in reality he is a practical man, a reformer, and the reform of the Church is as much his ambition as is the reform of society.

THE WELSH EVANGELIST.

A Phrenologist's Character-Sketch.

EVEN at the first glance one can see that Mr. Evan Roberts (whose preaching is the subject of the hour) has a mind built on simple, yet strong, lines—that he is the very kind of man to influence his fellows.

Great force is represented in the wide base of the head. He can endure to an extraordinary degree.

The lower part of his forehead is full, and projects forward, indicating that he has mastered the details of his special studies, and is well informed in his own line.

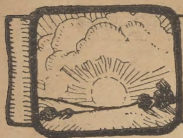
The forehead itself does not appear very wide, but the head broadens out further back, showing that he economises his resources—he is not a spendthrift in any sense.

His power over other minds lies in the fine quality and good volume of brain, together with the fact that those centres are well represented which give insight into human nature and character—that is to say, the higher intellectual or spiritual faculties.

He has quick and active observing powers in regard to this line of things, draws apt similitudes, and puts his ideas into pointed, direct, yet graceful language. He has strong sympathies and an appreciative cast of mind. He may wound, but it is in order the more effectively to heal. He is not a self-seeker, nor fond of applause; not devoid of the sense of humour, though the serious aspect of things ranks first in his estimation. He loves refinement.

This combination of mental qualities fits him to be a leader and teacher; although he naturally shrinks from assuming responsibility or taking the initiative.

WILLIAM COX.
 Fellow of the British Phrenological Society.



A. DAY'S · HAPPENINGS ·

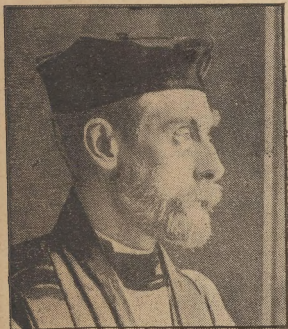


BIRMINGHAM'S BISHOP.

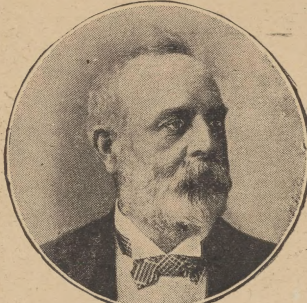
TO BE LORD MAYOR.

METROPOLITAN RAILWAY ELECTRIFIED.

COURAGE



The Right Rev. Charles Gore, D.D., Bishop of Worcester, who has been appointed the first Bishop of the new See of Birmingham.—(Russell.)



Sir William Treloar, "the Children's Alderman," will be the next Lord Mayor of London. He will signalise his year of office by endowing a Crippled Children's Home.



The guard and some of the directors of the Metropolitan Railway standing by one of the new electric trains running between Baker-street and Uxbridge, which the public will be able to use from the first of the new year.

CATS PROVIDED FOR IN A WILL.



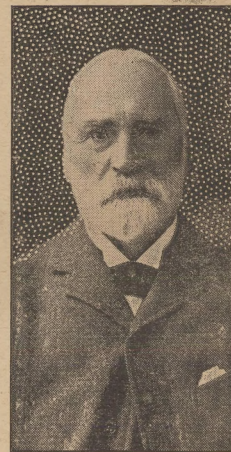
Mr. G. H. Haigh, a well-known solicitor at Bath, has just died. In his will he left an annuity of £200 and a legacy of £50 to his housekeeper until the death of the last of his pet cats. Our photograph shows the lucky feline pets enjoying an excellent lunch of boiled chicken.

LIFEBOAT HERO DEAD.

AFTER 50 YEARS.



Henry Freeman has just died at the age of sixty-nine. As coxswain of the Whitby lifeboat he was instrumental in saving no fewer than 300 lives.



Mr. H. G. Drury, the well-known superintendent of the Great Eastern Railway, who is retiring at the end of the year, after fifty years' service.

TO-DAY'S WEDDING.

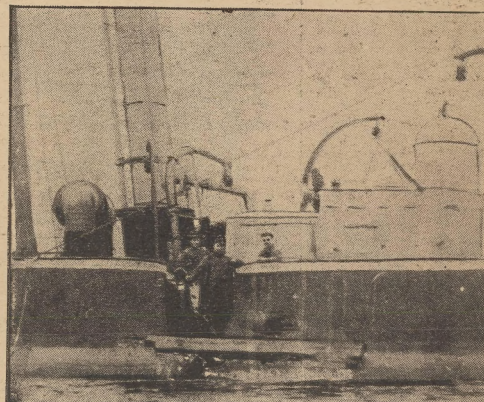


Mr. Herbert Ogilvy, son of Sir Reginald Ogilvy, Bart., who is to be married to Lady Christian Bruce at Bromley, Dunfermline.—(Thomson.)



Lady Christian Bruce, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Elgin, who is to marry Mr. Herbert Ogilvy to-day.—(Thomson.)

A GUNBOAT IN COLLISION.



Showing the rent made in the side of H.M. gunboat Slaney, when she came in collision with the steam collier Swan while proceeding to her moorings in the Medway. The damage done to the gunboat was so heavy that the officer in charge was obliged to beach her.



Signor Leoncavallo (figure), with some of the "Roland of Berlin" opera ten years ago, singing the Kaiser said.

BLOOM



The scene in C after the terrible surrounding, a result.

THROUGH MIRROR LENSES

ROYAL COMMAND.



own composer (the centre characters in his new opera, suggested the subject of the performance on Tuesday even-must not be nervous, the Em-nds it."

OP WRECKED.



omsbury, yesterday afternoon, wrecked this shop and tore up at twelve persons were injured as n.—(Haines.)

'VARSITY RUGBY MATCH.



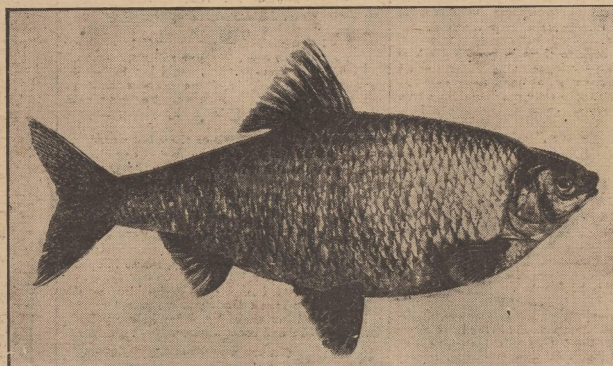
The Light Blues won this match, after a strenuous contest, by 15 points to 10. This is the first time the Cantabs have been victors in the inter-Varsity Rugby match since 1899. Our photograph shows Oxford scoring their first goal.

11,000 NEW SIXPENCES FOR POOR CHILDREN.



The case containing 11,000 new sixpences, the annual subscription from an anonymous donor, in aid of "Truth" Doll Show, for distribution among the poor children in the workhouses, hospitals, and infirmaries at Christmas.

A RECORD ROACH.



The roach seen above is one of the largest ever caught. It had been found in one of the Bristol waterworks reservoirs, and weighed 3lb. 10½oz. Its length was 18in., and the girth 14in.—(Copyright, Lewis Hutton, Bristol.)

FOR BOOTLESS CHILDREN.



Mme. Batavia, the wonderful performing bear—



—the marvellous dog and the clown and—



—this monkey are only three of the 200 animals which will perform at to-morrow's entertainment at the Royal Italian Circus in aid of the "Evening News" fund for providing boots for the thousands of London's little bootless children.

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By ANDREW LORING,
Author of "Mr. Smith of England."

PERSONS OF THE STORY.

Sir ALANSON GASCOYNE, Judge of the High Court.
LADY GASCOYNE (Rosamond), his wife.
RICHARD DEVERILL, in love with Lady Gascoyne. She has reconciled herself by visiting his chambers, but of this her husband is still ignorant.
Mrs. LA GRANGE, Lady Gascoyne's friend, a social butterfly, heavily in debt.
HAROLD SOMERTON, Mrs. La Grange's brother, a blackguard, who has been in prison, but has since made money. Knowing of the intrigue between Deverill and Lady Gascoyne into helping him to regain his position in society. He wishes to marry Gertrude Gascoyne, and Lady Gascoyne helps him in his plans.
GERTRUDE GASCOYNE, the Judge's sister, whom Somerton has set his heart on marrying. She believes his statement that he was wrongfully convicted, and has gone to the Pyrenees alone, and has been followed by Somerton.
HUGH MORDAUNT, a friend of the Gascoynes, who has given way to drink. In love with Gertrude, and loved by her. Has followed Somerton.

CHAPTER XLII.

A Cry for Help.

It was about as Hugh Mordaunt hastened forth from the inn on the mountain-side that the man of whom he was in such eager pursuit came upon Gertrude Gascoyne. Somerton saw her from the path standing and waving him by a rock, knee-deep in the bracken, looking out towards the setting sun. She had not heard his approach, and he rested there, motionless, for some time, watching her.

As she stood, silhouetted against golden clouds, which were fading fast into the grey of evening, she seemed to him uniquely beautiful. A new impulse was added to the ardour of his unscrupulous pursuit.

A conscious smile of triumph was on his lips now. He was in no hurry—he could not escape him. No help was near.

He saw her give a little start, as all the world about them suddenly grew greyer. The sun had dipped behind the western mountain-top.

She turned and walked slowly down the steep decline with bowed head. It was not until she was almost face to face with the still watcher that she saw him.

She stood stone-still as his startled eyes looked into his. He raised his cap.

"You saw the sunset," he said, in a low voice, and I saw you."

She bowed her head, still too perplexed by this sudden apparition to speak, and then she started down the path. He took his place by her side. She instinctively felt something new in his manner, something audacious, triumphant. She intuitively felt that the penitent, who had sued her for words of encouragement in his thorn path, had disappeared—and still she did not understand as yet her position.

"I followed you," he said at length.

She spoke her mind bluntly, still far from grasping reality.

"You've done very wrong, Mr. Somerton," she answered. "It must be paid."

"I was glad to do what we could in our small way to make life a little brighter for the brother of Mrs. La Grange. This extraordinary step on your part is such an inconsiderate return that my sister-in-law and I will be forced to regret that—"

"Pardon me," he interrupted, stung by her dignified reminder of his true position, "I am here by Lady Gascoyne's knowledge and full approval."

She stopped short and stared at him incredulously.

"It is true. She told me you were at Bayonne."

"Then our meeting at Pau was not an accident?"

"It was not—any more than this. I could not help it, Miss Gascoyne. I did it—because I love you."

She stared at him with an astonishment which nettled him, and there came to her face an expression of rebuke at his mad presumption, but her words were gentle.

"I am here, true, far away from my friends, from my people, from my brother. I cannot listen to you, Mr. Somerton."

"If not here," he cried eagerly, "you will not anywhere. I know how presumptuous I must seem to you. I know how unworthy I am of you; but I have a future—not an uncertain one—and the past is dead, and may be forgotten. Will you share it?"

"I am very sorry," she answered. "I had no thought—"

He affected astonishment.

"Lady Gascoyne," he interrupted, "was deceived as well as I."

She flushed angrily at the implied suggestion.

"You cannot mean," she said haughtily, "that you have spoken to her."

"I have indeed. She thoroughly approves. She said she had reason to think that I had awakened some interest in you. She hopes to congratulate me."

The statement was so preposterous to Gertrude that she hotly expressed her utter disbelief. That

Rosamond, for one instant, had considered the possibility of her marrying this man was absurd.

An angry expression came over Somerton's face, but he banished it instantly, as he continued to plead. He had hoped, he said, that his words would not come to her entirely as a surprise; now that he had found that they had so come, he begged her not to give him an abrupt, hasty dismissal, but to consider his proposals.

She was considerate for a little time in the manner in which she put her decisive negative, but at last, finding gentle means of no avail, and bitterly resentful of what appeared to her a gross impertinence, she told him frankly what she thought of him, told him that he was cowardly, in thus following her.

Somerton's eyes glittered.

"I think," he answered, in a tone which struck deadly cold to her heart, "that you have already remarked upon your loneliness, upon the isolation of your position. Is it wise to speak to me like this?"

She was terrified now. She quickened her pace. "Do not hurry," he said quietly, "you cannot possibly escape. Are you any better off at the inn? The old Frenchman there has seen the colour of my gold."

She set her lips firmly together, and slackened her steps.

"I did not wish to have to explain some things," he continued, "but I find I must. The fact is, Miss Gascoyne, that your sister-in-law and your brother are absolutely in the hollow of my hand. I hold such power that a word from me will bring ruin and disgrace on them."

"Sir Alanson Gascoyne," she exclaimed proudly, "is the power of no man. It is useless to attempt to frighten me with such threats as these."

Her heart was quaking, but she came of a race which rose nobly to the demand of the moment.

"Think," cried Somerton, "and you will see that it is not an idle threat. Do you really believe that the charming Lady Gascoyne has been worrying her beautiful head about me merely because she had a kindly feeling, or because she wished to oblige my sister? Really, Miss Gascoyne, you have a higher opinion of her than most people would have."

Gertrude's mind ran like lightning over the events of the last few weeks, and then there came over her a great fear that this man was speaking truth.

"She was obliged to do this," he continued.

"I commanded, and she obeyed. Do you understand now, Miss Gascoyne—you are the price? And she has done what she could to pay it."

Gertrude looked round her with frightened eyes in vain appeal for help, and then she realised for the first time how absolutely she was in the power of this man.

"What hold," she said, "have you obtained over Lady Gascoyne? By what means have you bent her to your will?"

"Is that important?" he asked, with a sardonic smile. "What matter how I obtained it, since I have got it? She does not dare to defy me—and I—use my power because I love you. Your brother will have cause to regret the hour in which you make an enemy of Harold Somerton."

"I would do anything, anything—for him," she said, temporising.

"You are only asked to do one thing," answered Somerton.

"I understand—I am the price—"

"It must be paid," he cried triumphantly, "willingly or unwillingly."

"Never," she cried with flashing eyes, forgetting for one brief instant how powerless she was—and then sudden fear took hold of her, and she started in panic-stricken fright down the mountain path.

In an instant he had clasped her wrist as in a vice.

"It's no use," he cried, pointing, "for my struggle. You have walked into the trap—there is no help near for you. You must say 'Yes' now, and here. For your own sake you must say it. Gertrude Gascoyne is alone this night with Harold Somerton. People—"

She struggled in his grasp, and then, involuntarily, screamed loudly for a help which neither thought was near.

The cry came back to them in sounding echoes through the silence—eerie, mocking answers which jeered at hope. Then, all at once, these deluding responses from the rocks were overborne by a loud hail from below. It came unmistakably from human lips.

"Some belated muleteer," said Somerton, as he loosed her grasp.

He smiled grimly, seeing that she made no second attempt to flee.

"I am glad to see you so reasonable, Miss Gascoyne," he said. "I would much rather all this were arranged in quite a friendly way."

Gertrude made no answer. Her breath came quick and fast. She walked along with spring step and head high up-carried. Somerton sneered as he saw the sudden change. She hoped for help, he knew, from this human being who had called out, but of what aid to her could be a mountaineer who would be unable to understand one word she said? He did not dream that hundreds of times in her young life Gertrude Gascoyne had heard and given that call. She strained her eyes in the gathering darkness, and at last in the distance she saw the dim outlines of an approaching figure. Instantly she gathered up her skirts and sped away in arrowy flight. She would have come straight into his arms if he had held them out; instead, the agitated girl suddenly found herself

shaking hands with Hugh Mordaunt, as though she had been most ordinary.

"Go on to the inn as fast as you can," he said, struggling for breath.

She slipped an arm through his, and wheeled him about suddenly.

"Not I," she said in a low voice. "You haven't a drop of breath left in your body. Do you think I would leave you here alone with him?"

Mordaunt laughed. This was like Gertrude, he thought.

Somerton had stood for a moment, irresolute, staring. It was long since he had seen Mordaunt, he did not recognise him. He knew that he was looking on a countryman, one whom she seemed to know. He could not tell whether there were others in the party. He walked irresolutely some distance behind them.

The man and the girl in front of him exchanged no word. Gertrude found that Mordaunt was unconsciously leaning heavily on her arm. She looked up at him, saw the perspiration streaming down his face, saw the haggard, careworn expression, the deeply-graven lines of anxiety, realised that he had been running up that killing path.

Mordaunt, in fact, was utterly pumped out. Had Somerton touched him with the point of a finger he was bound to have collapsed.

As they got close to the inn he recovered himself sufficiently to speak clearly.

"Are you an English people here?"

"Not one. I am alone with my maid."

"The moon will be up," he said, "in about an hour. We will have something to eat, then have the mules saddled and go down the mountain to the village below. There are some English ladies at the hotel there. I saw them as I passed through."

He released her arm as he spoke, and motioned her to go on.

"Be careful, Hughie," she whispered. "He is low enough for anything. If anything happens to you, remember, I am in his power."

Then she turned and sped into the house. Her last words were not the true expression of her feelings. She chose them carefully as the effort to prevent a personal encounter between the two men.

She feared for Hugh Mordaunt. At the moment he was no match for the other.

Somerton would have passed him without a word, wishing to find out how the land lay before deciding on his next move. Mordaunt stopped him with an abrupt word.

"Oh—Mr. Mordaunt, is it? Lady Gascoyne, I gather, has been indiscreet in mentioning my whereabouts. It is possible that she may regret this."

"Your letter to Miss Elton," answered Mordaunt, "told me where you were."

"Ah, interesting little lady, Miss Elton. Your action is likely to cost some friends of yours very dearly."

"I think not," answered Mordaunt quietly. "I am conducting Miss Gascoyne to friends in the valley who are awaiting her there to-night. I wish you to understand that you have intruded on her for the last time."

And by what right do you presume to speak for Miss Gascoyne?"

"Not the slightest," was the nonchalant answer. "I do not speak on her behalf; I speak for your interests. You must promise me now that you will never have the impertinence to address her again; you must promise me that Lady Gascoyne shall be free from blackmail by you."

"Ah, I thought she had betrayed me," cried Somerton. His air of jaunty confidence belied his feelings. He inferred from Mordaunt's matter-of-fact manner that some hold had been obtained over him. He had learned to scent danger from afar.

"She has betrayed me," he said, "and I have made some inferences—that is all. I have your promise, I suppose?"

The question was put as quietly as though it were asked about the weather.

"If I do not give it?"

"You must be prepared for prosecution for forging the name of Carlton Haynes."

"Oh, that's it; is it?" cried Somerton. "If I promise, will those notes be handed over to me?"

"They will not, indeed. Miss Elton holds them now."

"I can never be certain then, that they won't crop up?"

"Nor I," was the dry answer, "if I could get her to turn them over, that you will not crop up."

"Under the circumstances," said Mr. Somerton, raising his hat politely, "the honours must be conceded to you at this moment. You have won, Mr. Mordaunt. I will leave the young lady to you."

He laid an evil emphasis on these last words. Mordaunt forgot all caution. He sprang forward and struck the other straight from the shoulder, square on the chin. Somerton fell to the ground, where he lay motionless.

The landlord ran out. The angry Mordaunt pointed to the fallen man, and then, without a word, turned and entered the inn. He went to the little sitting-room.

Gertrude, forgetting everything, ran to him, and flung her arms round his neck.

Her head was buried on his shoulder, as she sobbed out, "Thank God, you are safe."

He clasped her close, trembling in every limb, for joy that he had come in time.

(To be continued.)

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AND MAKES ITS LIMBS SO STRONG?

RIDGE

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SOON MAKES IT PUSH ALONG."

3 ROSE TREES for 1/-—La France (pink),
Irish Brunner (cherry red), August Victoria (yellow).
This sample, sent post free for 4d., together with a list of
named Standards, Bushes, and Climbers.—Imperial Supply
Stores, 4-12, Crampton-st., Waltham, London.

REVOLUTIONARY OR CHARLATAN?

Amazing Methods of Thomas W. Lawson, the American Financier Who Is Denouncing the Trusts.

In a financial paper yesterday appeared an extraordinary advertisement. It was headed "Investors and Speculators' Warning," and signed by Thomas W. Lawson, the man responsible for the panic which has been shaking to its foundations the New York Stock Exchange.

Those who read it were undecided as to whether it was mainly a puff of an American periodical called "Everybody's Magazine," or really what it pretended to be—a warning against the powerful American Trusts—in particular, the Standard Oil Trust and the Amalgamated Copper Trust.

It is against these companies that Mr. Lawson is carrying on his financial campaign. Already he has given them some very hard knocks. What America would like to know just as much as the readers of yesterday's advertisement is whether Mr. Lawson is merely a very cunning speculator or a man who attacks the Trusts because he honestly thinks they are cheating the public.

In this "Everybody's Magazine," which he wants English readers to buy, and which already sells in America as fast as he can print it, he has been for months past writing articles to denounce Trust methods. When he began the series—it is called "Frenzied Finance"—he was a ruined man. He had fought the Standard Oil Company, and been beaten. Nobody expected to hear of him any more.

"LIGHT AGAINST DARKNESS."

Yet in six months his sledge-hammer denunciations have caught the attention of everybody in America, and by this method of self-advertisement he has managed once more to get right to the front in the world of finance.

The operations of the past few days have made him an enormously rich man again. But he has declared over and over again that his aims are not simply personal. He treats his own gains as a mere incident in what he calls his campaign against "cold-blooded robbery," in the "tussle of light against darkness, of the people against the greatest monster of all time."

He talks about the victory that must be won with the aid of labour unions and Socialism. In fact, he represents himself to have in view the noble aim of ridding the world of dishonest finance.

Naturally, there are many people, including all his rivals in speculation, who decline to accept this view of Mr. Lawson at all. They tell him what they think of him in the very public language. It is his aim to attract the public, not only through "Everybody's Magazine," but also in frequent half-page advertisements in the American papers. One of his rivals, a certain Colonel Greene, has answered him in the same fashion.

"Every American," says this outspoken enemy, "who has had relations with you, knows you as a liar and charlatan. Several of the best newspapers seem to agree with Colonel Greene. The 'Evening Post,' for instance, calls Mr. Lawson's methods, 'vulgar and sensational,' and describes his articles as 'crazy outbreaks.' The 'New York Times' goes so far as to refuse to insert his advertisements at all.

A DANGER TO SOCIETY?

If Mr. Lawson really had as much influence as he claims to have, he would be a very dangerous element in world-finance. If he ever succeeded in inducing a very large number of people to withdraw, on a certain day, all the money they have invested in companies and deposited in banks, the resulting crash would be heard in every corner of the earth. In short, he is a greater danger to society if he is in earnest than if he is merely playing for his own hand, and making use of the general feeling against trusts to bolster up his own money-making plans.

The advertisement which appeared yesterday shows that he means now to start operations in this country as well. He certainly knows how to attract attention, and if he can sell 700,000 copies every month of his magazine in America he will very likely sell it here in large numbers also. Whether he will induce so many people in this country to sell their holdings in the trust companies is another matter. If he should go on as he has begun, there is no saying where he would end.

The next week or two may very likely show whether this extraordinary man is what his enemies call him—a self-seeking charlatan or a pioneer of one of the greatest reforms the world has ever seen.

A GERMAN LOVE-CHARM.

Procure three hairs of the object of your desires, and put these, with three drops of your own blood, on a slice of quince. This is to be eaten on the street at full moon when your eyes fixed steadily on the moon.

That is a German recipe for young women who cannot make young men fall in love with them by the ordinary means.

It was among the stock-in-trade of a Berlin "dealer in magic and spells," who is about to be brought to trial. She did a thriving trade and lived in a handsome flat. Now she is tasting the Kaiser's hospitality in a German gaol.

WICKED WORMWOOD.

THE LITTLE GREEN GLASS WHICH
POISONS MANY THOUSANDS.

There is a Scottish clergyman in Paris just now who is going round the cafés denouncing the drinking of absinthe, that pale green pick-me-up which is such a favourite with all classes of Frenchmen.

It would be a very good thing for France if someone could persuade her sons to eschew this harmful luxury, or at any rate to drink it in moderation. There are thousands of people in madhouses through its effects, and many thousands more who suffer in less degree.

The results of constant absinthe-drinking are terrible. First your muscles grow quivery, instead of firm. Your strength fails you. Your hair drops off.

You become emaciated, wrinkled, sallow. Your face wears always that expression of settled melancholy which one sees so often on the boulevards of Paris.

Then at last you sink into a dreamy state, in which you are a victim to every kind of delusion, and complete paralysis puts an end to your miserable life.

That is what happens to a large number of Frenchmen, who, perhaps, never take too much absinthe at once, but who drink it continually in small doses. If they took it in excess, it would be almost better, for the immediate consequences of that are so unpleasant that they might have a reforming effect.

It is the gradual decay of the system which is so appalling, for the sufferer scarcely ever realises what is happening to him until too late.

Absinthe is made of wormwood. Miss Marie Corelli once wrote a novel with the title "Wormwood" to point out the frightful results of this kind of tipping. It is usually flavoured with aniseed, and you pay 3d. a glass for it in a good café.

"THE DREAM GARDEN."

In Which Little Ones Will Wander this
Christmas with Delight.

Of all this year's books for children none can beat "The Dream Garden" (John Baillie). There are enough pretty stories in it to last all through the holidays, and the pictures will make all really nice children simply fight to look at them.

Even when the children have gone to bed there will still be heads bent over this really artistic volume, for the writers and picture-makers all know their business, and most of them answer to names already known in connection with good work done.

Netta Syrett, the editor of the collection, is also to be found as a contributor, along with Evelyn Sharp, Constance Smedley, Nora Clesson, Mary E. Mann, Laurence Housman, Hilaire Belloc, Norman Gale, and the newest of our poets—Alfred Noyes.

That small selection will give some idea of the literary quality of "The Dream Garden," while the illustrators number amongst them Alice Woodward, Nellie Syrett, Helen Stratton, and Olga Morgan, as well as other clever people not yet so well known.

It is a book full of tender thoughts and dainty fancies—a book "which no nursery library should be without."

A POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

The Old Septic.

Oh, why should we strive or cry? Surely the end is close!

Hold by your little truths: deem your triumph complete! But nothing is true or false in the infinite heart of the rose;

And the earth is a little dust that clings to our travelling feet.

I will go back to my home, and look at the wayside flowers, And hear from the wayside cabins the sweet old hymns again.

Where Christ holds out his arms in the quiet evening hours, And the light of the chapel porches broods on the peaceful lane.

And there I shall hear men praying the deep old foolish prayers,

And there I shall see, once more, the fond old faithful confessions.

And the strange old light on their faces who hear as a blind man hears,—

"Come unto Me, ye weary, and I will give you rest."

I will go back and believe in the deep old foolish tales,

And pray the sweet old prayers that I learned at my mother's knee,

When the Sabbath tells its peace thro' the breathless mountain-vailes,

And the sunset's evening hymn hallows the listening sea.

—Alfred Noyes.

"What are you crying for, Kiddie?" "My hands are so cold." "Put 'em in your pockets, then." "They're full of snowflakes." —(Fliegende Blätter) (German).

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

How to Bake Bread—Question of Soldiers' Pay—Keep Your Feet Warm—An Unfriendly Critic of the C.O.S.

HOME-MADE BREAD.

In answer to a "Yorkshire Woman," a Parkinson No. 10 gas stove bakes as good bread as any north-countrywoman needs to eat. I speak from practical experience and hatred of a London "kitchener." LANCASHIRE WOMAN. 8, Queen's-gate-villas, N.E.

ENGLAND'S "TERRIBLE" DANGER.

With reference to Sir Ian Hamilton's startling pronouncement, I would venture to suggest that a small army of really efficient soldiers would be far less expensive in the long run.

Why not pay the soldier as handsomely as we pay our policemen? If this were done we should soon have an army of "stalwarts," not "weeds." TAXPAYER.

"SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE."

The L.C.C. excuse themselves for working their clerks overtime without extra wages by saying "Oh, they shall have extra holidays at Christmas."

If I say that to my men, will they work extra time? Oh, dear, no. Trade union rules prevent it. Yet the L.C.C. declare themselves strongly in favour of trade union rules. There seems to be a good deal of humbug in this. EMPLOYER.

Southwark.

"WORDS TO THE WISE."

To your valuable advice about air and exercise I should like to add one word. In this horrible weather the great thing is to keep your feet warm.

Cold feet are responsible for any number of ills, though few people suspect it.

Why don't English people wear "rubbers" as Americans do? They are neater than the old-fashioned "goloshes," and have an excellent effect in preventing the boot-soles from getting wet. Kensington. M.D., L.R.C.P.

CHARITY ORGANISATION.

Is not the register of the Charity Organisation Society, to which the Ven. Archdeacon Sinclair referred in the *Daily Mirror*, taken from Mr. Herbert Fry's popular work entitled, "The Royal Guide to the London Charities"? This is how Mr. Fry spoke of the C.O.S.:

"The society, which began with so excellent an aim as co-operation, speedily degenerated into the pettiest of busybodies, and, in spite of its early protest against the multiplication of charities, became a mendicancy society of an inferior pattern."

It has often been observed that the society expends more money on offices and secretaries than in contributions towards well-deserved charity.

WILLIAM TALLEY. Woodland-road, Upper Norwood.

"A GREAT DETECTIVE."

Stories of Criminal-Catching in All Sorts of Circumstances.

MEMOIRS OF A GREAT DETECTIVE. Incidents in the Life of John Wilson Murray. London: Heinemann.

We do not fancy a detective's life at all. Mr. Murray seems to have spent the greater part of his time in examining corpses, chasing refractory criminals, and being threatened, with fearful threats, by the wildest ruffians.

Still, Mr. Murray had some comic as well as gruesome experiences. Comic was the incident of Mr. Pennyfeather. He was suspected of having stolen a large sum from a bank. Mr. Murray went to examine him. Whenever he put an awkward question Mr. Pennyfeather would say, "Excuse me a moment, please. I feel ill. I will return." Then he would withdraw to the next room, and return looking considerably worse.

The doctors thought he had typhoid. Mr. Murray knew better. He had seen that in the next room there was a large cake of soap, which got smaller after each of Mr. Pennyfeather's withdrawals! It seems that criminals always resort to soap when they want to be suddenly "taken ill."

Now for something gruesome, something worthy of Edgar Allan Poe.

Luke Phipps, a murderer, escaped from gaol one night. But he fell by the way, and hurt himself so badly that he could only crawl as far as an adjacent graveyard. As he crawled he suddenly fell headlong into an open grave. There he lay, hearing the shouts from the alarmed prison, hearing the pursuit; hearing two dogs come to the edge of the grave, hearing a man say "Nothing but hay and coffin bedding," and go away. Then he fainted. When he came to he heard singing near him. It was a burial service. Phipps prepared to be buried alive. But the coffin, by its intense relief, was lowered into the next grave, not into his, and he managed, after an hour's struggle, to get out of the grave and away. But he could not escape Murray. He was caught and hanged.

The book is full of exciting stories and American slang.

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A JUVENILE BALL.

VIANDS FOR THE SUPPER TABLE.

As the great children's festival approaches the thoughts of the geni who preside over happy nurseries turn naturally towards preparations for their balls and parties and the fare to be provided on these all-important occasions.

Do modern children really care less for cakes than was the case in their grandmothers' time, or is it duty that demands their acceptance of a liberal amount of dainty white and brown bread and butter? The question is too weighty a one to discuss now, it only suggests the hint that plenty of quite plain comestibles should be found on the board that greets beneath daintier fare. Fruits and bonbons of every kind will of course decorate the supper-table, the latter looking pretty suspended in fancy boxes, or piled on the decks of a Ship of Good Fortune.

CASTLE CAKE.

As its name implies, this cake is a lofty structure, built in tiers, worthy to occupy the centre of the table at the children's ball-supper.

The first point to be decided is the size and height to which the cake is to attain. Whatsoever be the number of tiers chosen, this must be procured that will fit neatly one upon another. The proportions given below will fill two sandwich tins measuring about eight inches across. For the other tiers the proportions must be regulated accordingly.

For the bottom tier.

INGREDIENTS.—Five eggs, 1 lb. castor sugar, half the weight of the eggs (weighed in their shells) in flour; a little flavouring, either vanilla or Fataia.

Break the eggs on the sugar and beat the result thoroughly for half an hour. Add the flavouring and dredge in the flour, beating all the time. Have the circular sandwich tins ready buttered. Pour in the sponge mixture and bake in a moderate oven. Care must be taken not to shake the cakes while lifting them into the oven, or they will turn "sad." When cooked turn them gently on to a cloth to cool. When cold with a sharp knife make a circle round the inside of the cakes and remove a little so as to make a shallow hollow in each layer. Now make a pint of sweet table jelly, and colour it in two shades—red and pale amber took well together. Fill each of the sponge rounds with

jelly, set them by to harden, and when ready lay them together face to face. Frost the tier round the sides and over as much of the top as will not be covered by the next tier.

Treat the next tier in the same way, only filling it with whipped cream. The third tier may be



Above is displayed a pretty blouse for an afternoon party or a simple evening one. It would look very charming materialised in turquoise blue crepe de Chine, cream lace, and blue crepe pompons worked over with a little silver thread.

filled with apricot or apple marmalade, lemon-cheesecake mixture, orange jelly, or any other variety liked. When the various tiers are completed they must be stuck together with white of egg, and the cake may be ornamented with any

fancy design in candied fruits and flowers. The cake is cut in sections.

The absence of curants and candied peel makes this cake, though elaborate enough to please the youthful critic, far more wholesome than the ordinary plum cake. To make the outside icing use the whites of three eggs beaten with one pound of icing sugar. Spread it over smoothly with a palette knife.

COCOANUT BUNS.

INGREDIENTS FOR TWENTY BUNS.—1 lb. Vienna flour, with 1 oz. cream of tartar, 1/2 oz. carbonate of soda, 1 lb. desiccated cocoanut, 1 lb. castor sugar, 1 gill cream, 1 egg, 3 oz. butter.

Put the butter and sugar into a basin and stand in a warm place, but do not allow it to oil. Froth the eggs, and add to them the cream, whisking it thoroughly. Beat the butter and sugar, and add, gradually, first a little flour, then a little cocoanut, then a little of the beaten egg, until all are thoroughly blended together. Drop the mixture carefully in mounds on a well-greased tin, piling it high, and bake the cakes in a rapid oven, watching them carefully so that they do not burn.

ORANGE CHARLOTTE.

INGREDIENTS.—1 1/2 pints of milk, 1/2 oz. sheet gelatine, 2 oz. castor sugar, the thinly pared rind of three oranges, yolks of three eggs.

Put the milk into a double pan with the rinds and nearly all the sugar. Let it simmer for a few



This corsage is also intended to meet the requirements of the festive season. It made of pink chiffon with a white lace yoke and a lattice work berthe of black velvet, its effect would be excellent.

minutes to draw out the flavour. Then add the gelatine, stirring carefully. When dissolved strain off the rind. Beat the yolks with the rest of the sugar to a cream, and pour the milk slowly over. Return all to the pan and stir it until it thickens. Pour it into a basin and whisk it until cool. Butter a fancy mould and line it with grease-proof paper,

then arrange round the edges Savoy biscuits brushed over with white of egg and sugar to make them adhere. When ready, pour in the mixture and stand it in a cold place until next day.

Turn it out and garnish it with quarters of orange from which the white and pips have been removed.

MODISH FURS.

Handsome squirrel coats are made with open fronts that show a vest of delicate embroidery. Black baby lamb coats with vests of Persian embroidery, collars and deep cuffs to match, are fashionable.

Exquisite sealskin coats fastened with leather-covered buttons and trimmed with leather cuffs and leather collar are modish. When the coat is unbuttoned a vest made of embroidered leather is revealed.

It is modish to line a fur coat with satin to match the costume, therefore one of the prettiest winter wraps is to be found in a coat of chinchilla lined with pearl-grey satin, to be worn over a pearl-grey cloth costume.

MME. DOWDING.



THE NEW PRINCESS WASP WAIST. From 21/- to 5 Guineas.

A certain cure for Obesity—a Speciality of Madame Dowding's Corsets—are daily recommended by the leading physicians of the day for STOOPING, INDIGESTION, and OBESITY, which can be reduced without the slightest inconvenience. Also braces up the figure, and gives freedom of movement to every muscle.

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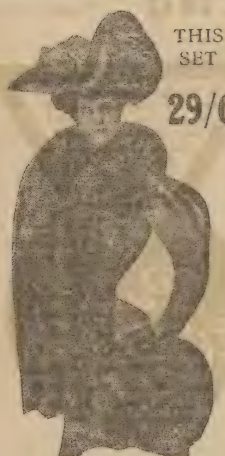
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Such sufferers recognise that their nerves must be put right for them to fulfil their daily duties and avoid nervous collapse, and then comes the danger of resorting to some so-called remedy or stimulant, which it is hoped will give renewed power but which really can only drive the over-jaded system on to fresh exertions without replacing the nerve tissue which has been worn away.

In Bishop's Tonules, however, an absolutely safe remedy will be found. They give complete nerve restoration by supplying the nervous system with a vital element which is lost under nervous strain. The nerves are thus rebuilt, and new power and energy follows.

Bishop's Tonules are prepared only by Alfred Bishop, Limited, Spelman Street, Mile End New Town, London, and may be obtained from any Chemist or Drug Store for 2s. 6d. per vial (containing 14 days' treatment), or direct from Alfred Bishop, Limited, for 2s. 10d. post free. Procure a supply to-day, and personally prove the truth of the statements made. We shall be pleased to give any further information on the subject if readers will write to us.

Many letters have been received, of which the originals may be seen in our office. We quote one of these from a gentleman who writes:—"Having suffered for some long time from nervous debility, loss of appetite, and severe headaches, and tried so-called remedies and cures out of number without any good results being obtained, I had almost given up hope of being cured when I heard of Bishop's Tonules. I decided I would give them a trial, took the treatment regularly, as directed in your pamphlet, and after the first vial, experienced great relief. My headaches gradually disappeared, my appetite improved, my languidness left me entirely, and now I am enjoying excellent health, every sign of my complaint being gone."

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MOTHERS, INVALIDS, &
AGED PERSONS.

Believing it will eventually benefit our trade by convincing the public as to the great benefits derived by using MALTICO as an article of food for every day, we have decided to send every person who has bought a bottle of the 8-oz. size for the first time, at their chemist or dealer, the sum of 1/6 which they paid for same.

WHAT TO DO.

Go to your Chemist or dealer and ask him to supply you with an 8-oz. bottle of MALTICO, 1/6; return us the outside wrapper, stating your opinion of this great food; we will then refund you the price paid. This offer is only available for a limited time, as it must be obvious to everyone such a great expense could not be maintained indefinitely.

CAUTION.—There are many foods at present on the market, but only one "MALTICO." If your chemist or dealer does not stock it, ask him to get it for you at once; you will then make sure of having the only genuine article, and the trouble will be amply repaid by the satisfaction you will receive.

DON'T LET YOUR CHILD DIE.
Dr. EDWARD MALIN says:—"Eighty to eighty-five per cent. of children are born healthy; why, then, is the rate of infant mortality so high?" The answer is because the choice of food is altogether wrong. "MALTICO" will nourish and sustain and build up the constitution.

NOTICE THIS.

Write us a postcard and we will send you a copy of our new book telling all about the welfare of young children and invalids. The title of this extremely useful book is "A Maker of Nations." It is full of useful information and should be in every home. None should neglect this opportunity.

SEND TO-DAY CERTAIN.

MALTICO FOOD CO.,
(Dept. 13), 30, New Bridge St., London, E.C.
Works—Portsmouth.

An Important Matter!

Take the health question in hand whilst there is still a balance in your favour, and on the first signs of failing strength or discomfort avail yourself of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For this splendid specific will gently but surely restore the stomach to its full vigour, give renewed energy to the

NERVOUS SYSTEM, CLEANSE THE BOWELS AND LIVER,

and although the cost of BEECHAM'S PILLS is so trifling, this medicine, on account of its efficacy and general utility, has achieved the proud reputation of being

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

Prepared only by THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancs

BRONCHITIS

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' EVIDENCE.

SKUSE'S HERBAL COUGH MIXTURE

IS THE INCOMPARABLE CURE FOR
COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA and PULMONARY TROUBLES.

The finest Medicine in the World for Children, being of a pleasant, soothing nature, gives the little patients the comfort of a night's rest and refreshing sleep.

In BOTTLES 7/6, 1/11, & 2/6, FROM
Boots' Drug Stores, International Tea Stores, & Chemists, EVERYWHERE.

THE BEST WINTER SWEET.

SKUSE'S HERBAL TABLETS

(Used in the Royal Household).
IN TINS 1/6 AND 3/6 EACH.
(The larger tin being slightly more recommended.)
Boots' Drug Stores, International Tea Stores, Chemists & Confectioners.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

The purest and most efficient Remedy for
COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, WEAK LUNGS and CHILDREN'S COUGHS.

BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure Produces its most brilliant effect in Bronchitis. Rev. W. W. TULLOCH, D.D., Bonar Bridge, Sutherlandshire, writes: "I have been a martyr to asthma all my life and I have tried every remedy. I have found Veno's Lightning Cough Cure a valuable medicine and perfectly safe for children."

CHILDREN'S COUGHS

Mrs. ADA S. BALLIN, 6, Agar St. London, Editor "Womanhood," and a great authority upon children's diseases, writes:—"Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is an exceedingly successful remedy. It is very pleasant to take and the relief it gives is very rapid. The preparation is perfectly safe for children."

W. LASCELLES-SCOTT, F.R.M.S., in his Certificate of Analysis, among other things says:—"I have pleasure in certifying that in my opinion Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is an exceptionally pure, safe, and effective preparation."

LARGE TINS 3/6. BOTTLES 1/6 & 2/6.
Ask for Veno's Lightning Cough Cure at Chemist and Drug Stores everywhere.

THE LARGEST LIST PUBLISHED OF PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

(By an entirely New Process),
Which are Exceptionally
LOUD, CLEAR & DISTINCT.

This Machine and 12 Records 10/6

Fit any Phonograph. All the Latest Popular Tunes

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KEEP YOUR SITUATION.

LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER.

DARKENS IN A FEW DAYS.

THE CHARING CROSS BANK.

Est. 1870.
115 and 120 Bishopsgate-st. Within, E.C. } London.
and 48, Bedford-st., Charing Cross, W.C. }
Assets, £597,790. Liabilities, £288,680. Surplus, £312,110. 2 1/2 per cent. allowed on current account balances. Deposits of £10 or upwards received as under: Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 per cent. 6 " " 6 " " 7 " " 8 " " 9 " " 10 " " 11 " " 12 " " 13 " " 14 " " 15 " " 16 " " 17 " " 18 " " 19 " " 20 " " 21 " " 22 " " 23 " " 24 " " 25 " " 26 " " 27 " " 28 " " 29 " " 30 " " 31 " " 32 " " 33 " " 34 " " 35 " " 36 " " 37 " " 38 " " 39 " " 40 " " 41 " " 42 " " 43 " " 44 " " 45 " " 46 " " 47 " " 48 " " 49 " " 50 " " 51 " " 52 " " 53 " " 54 " " 55 " " 56 " " 57 " " 58 " " 59 " " 60 " " 61 " " 62 " " 63 " " 64 " " 65 " " 66 " " 67 " " 68 " " 69 " " 70 " " 71 " " 72 " " 73 " " 74 " " 75 " " 76 " " 77 " " 78 " " 79 " " 80 " " 81 " " 82 " " 83 " " 84 " " 85 " " 86 " " 87 " " 88 " " 89 " " 90 " " 91 " " 92 " " 93 " " 94 " " 95 " " 96 " " 97 " " 98 " " 99 " " 100 " " 101 " " 102 " " 103 " " 104 " " 105 " " 106 " " 107 " " 108 " " 109 " " 110 " " 111 " " 112 " " 113 " " 114 " " 115 " " 116 " " 117 " " 118 " " 119 " " 120 " " 121 " " 122 " " 123 " " 124 " " 125 " " 126 " " 127 " " 128 " " 129 " " 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An Evening with Paderewski

has been the dream of many a music-lover's life. Some have had their ambition realised and have heard the great master of the pianoforte. Others still long for the opportunity. **THE OPPORTUNITY IS HERE.** The dream of your life can be realised at once if you possess

THE MOST REMARKABLE PIANO-PLAYER EVER SOLD.

The music you have heard played by the great artists, the music you would wish to hear them play, can now be rendered perfectly by **YOURSELF**, on your own piano, in your own home. Whole evenings may be spent with the world's great composers and their beautiful music. The music scores you have often looked over and passed, perhaps with a sigh, as too difficult, are playable at once if you possess a

MINERVA PIANO-PLAYER,

which has proved itself to be the finest and most sensitive in construction, as well as the most durable, of any player on the market. It fits any piano, upright or grand, the pedalling is extremely light, and it is easily attached and detached.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT A PIANO-PLAYER IS?—A handsome instrument, the size of a small occasional table (which, indeed, it is when not in use). Wheeled up to the piano, with the felt-covered, pneumatically-controlled fingers over the notes, it solves the problem of brilliant and correct execution by the mere movement of your feet. Under your fingers lie two small levers, and it is here the delight and the fascination of the instrument lies.

For the expression, the *soul* of the music, lies in the simple control of these levers. With your left hand you govern the expression, rendering the music loud or soft just as you please. The other hand controls the *tempo*. If the music should be fast you move the lever to the required time; slow, you reverse the movement. The whole range of music and the expression of it is absolutely under your immediate control.

Paderewski has a Piano-Player and delights in it. You can have one and produce the music of Paderewski.

REMEMBER:—The Music Rolls are marked as arranged by the composer; it is for you to follow the marks and play as the composer wished his music to be played. A child can play it easily, but a musician can bring out the soul of the music.

The MINERVA

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